



The ARYAN PATH

Vol. IV.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE ARCHITECTS OF IDEALS	441
SLEEPING AND WAKING—By <i>Max Plowman</i>	444
ASCETICISM AND MODERN CIVILIZATION—By <i>H. M. Tomlinson</i> ...	449
THE WISE ONE—By <i>B. M.</i>	453
LIVING MESSENGERS CALLED WORDS—	
I THE LIMITATIONS OF LANGUAGE—By <i>G. B. Harrison</i> ...	456
II ON THE MISUSE AND ABUSE OF WORDS—By <i>George Godwin</i> ...	459
III SOME SPECULATIONS ABOUT SOUND IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE	
—By <i>A. B. Gajendragadkar</i>	462
TEMPTATION—By <i>Claude Houghton</i>	467
THE POWER OF POETRY IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE—By <i>E. Mer-</i>	
<i>rill Root</i>	471
EQUALITY—By <i>J. D. Beresford</i>	474
THE DOCTRINE OF WILL IN SHAKESPEARE—By <i>John Middleton</i>	
<i>Murry</i>	479
NEW BOOKS AND OLD—	
ACCORDING TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE—By <i>Humbert Wolfe</i> ...	484
HERITAGES IN THE MELTING POT—By <i>Kalidas Nag</i> ...	487
VEDANTA AND PSYCHO-ANALYSIS—By <i>R. Naga Raja Sarma</i> ...	490
REALITY AND SORROW—By <i>G. R. Malkani</i>	491
THE KORAN OF PERSIA—By <i>R. P. Masani</i>	493
REVIEWS—By <i>Paul Brunton, J. S. Collis, Hadland Davis,</i>	
<i>C. B. Purdom, Diwan Chand Sharma, W. H. Steer</i>	495
CORRESPONDENCE—	
ETHICS OF VEGETARIANISM—By <i>Rasvihari Das</i>	502
A PROJECT OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION—By <i>Charles King</i> ...	505
ON AMATEUR LIVING IN INDIA—By <i>Frank C. Bancroft</i> ...	508
ENDS & SAYINGS	511

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THE ARYAN PATH

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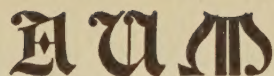
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- (a) To form a nucleus of universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour ;
- (b) The study of ancient and modern religions, philosophies and sciences, and a demonstration of the importance of such study ; and
- (c) The investigation of the unexplained laws of nature and the psychical powers latent in man.



उत्तिष्ठत जाग्रत प्राप्य वरान्निबोधत ।

Arise, awake, seek the Great Ones,
and learn wisdom from Them.

कठ ३, १४ (*Kathopanishad*, III, 14)

THE ARYAN PATH

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THE ARCHITECTS OF IDEALS

The following is taken from a stenographic report of a lecture "Ideals in Daily Living" delivered before The Sassoon Mechanic Institute of Bombay :—

The daily round of common tasks, for most men and women, means drudgery from which divinity has gone. With poetry and romance the Gods dwell; these are banished,—and the common round of daily life for the ordinary men and women has become a maze in which they lose themselves. For most, life is aimless, and most live through it without grasping its purpose and meaning. Verily, it is true that "Light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not," for our days are dark with drudgery of petty and small deeds, sometimes pleasurable, at most times insipid, at others positively painful. Little successes, small failures, some peace, a great deal of struggle and

disappointment, and life ebbs away—and it all seems such a waste. And yet the great thinkers and philosophers and poets have regarded this common life of small plain duties as something sublime—"drudgery divine". Just as the modern scientists harness electrical power in Nature to give us light, heat and comforts, so the true poet-philosophers speak of an ocean of radiance surrounding us. They tell us that every one, however humble, is capable of hitching his wagon to a star.

This thought brings us to the chief word in the title of the lecture—Ideals. Ideals are Patterns of Light which lead us on our journey through space and time. . . . Look upon them as Eternal Images, Immortal Patterns, which the Gods have fashioned for man's beholding. Turn to Plato and examine his teaching about Archetypal Forms or Ideas. According to Plato

Ideas rule the world; but what kind of ideas? Eternal and Immortal Ideas. Patterns of Light have been drawn by master-minds, by sage-seers, by poet-philosophers. The great mind tries to understand Ideas existing as the Mind of Deity; the true seer perceives what the ancient sages have already painted: the real poet echoes what he hears of the song celestial. Our humanity is so conceited and self-centred that it looks upon the past as the age of savagery; it looks upon Spirit as fumes of flesh; it thinks that vital truth was never known, and that all that this age can do is to struggle and experiment. Look at the old view: truths exist as images, as patterns, as archetypes, as cosmic numbers; and all the events of our lives, small incidents or important happenings, are true or false according to whether they are correct reflections from those divine Images, or are but shadowy creations of mortal minds. True sages, seers and poets are like architects and they have drawn plans of life, numerous plans, one plan to suit each stage of evolution in our human kingdom; and we must learn to build according to those plans. These true Architects of Life do not belong exclusively to one country and to one era; in every clime and in every century they have arisen for they are the real friends of the human race. The plans prepared by these Architects everywhere and at all times, are identically the same, for the un-

foldment of human life proceeds on exact and definite lines. Just as in embryology we know the exact and detailed course of the fœtus week by week for the period of nine months, so also these Sages and Architects know every stage of human soul-development and have provided for our own guidance a chart and a map. The patterns of spiritual, mental and moral growth are as complete and exact as are the charts of the physiologist and the anatomist. It is this idea which I wish to stress; for, once we familiarize ourselves with it, confusion vanishes and we know what to do.

If we link up our duties with these patterns and images we see a way out: Ideals resolve the great conflict of duties, show us what our duties are, and reveal how our true duties can be correctly discharged. Ideals are the weapons of the Soul and they help us to live and act correctly. You might ask: "How is it that we do not perceive these patterns and ideals?" Imagine a cart driver jogging along on a bumpy road in the dark night. Does he look up to admire the beauty of the starry firmament? Does he say—"Here is the Great Wagon going round the Pole-star, and here is the Lady's Chair, vacant and empty but ready for some one's repose, and here is Orion, the mighty hunter?" No, he is blind to the sky as most humans are blind to the ideals. If the cart driver were intelligent those stars would tell him many things,

may, they would act as his guides and friends. Have you not contemplated when travelling in train or driving in bus, how the stars accompany us ever and always. While earthly scenes change, the rough road becomes smooth, and now we pass through a village and then through a city and then through a jungle, the sun, the moon, the stars are ever our companions. Such are the Ideals. They are always with us on our journey through life; but engaged in earthly things we do not, alas, always recognize them. We are so taken up with huts and hovels, gutters and gullys, that we have no eyes for the sky and its brilliant beauty. . . .

And now we must close—

Three great ideals, three patterns of light we have seen. First, each one of us should be learning and growing, day by day, hour by hour. Second, real growth takes place only when we energise ourselves and adopt self-induced and self-devised ways in life and in action. Third, our desires and thoughts must take into account the supreme fact that Nature composed of countless units is One Indivisible Whole and that each labouring at his own board and in his own home, affects all human beings for weal or woe.

These three ideals look remote, look learned, look cold, look hard to understand or perhaps simple ! A little study, some thought given to them will show that they are the very water and air and fire we need for our real sustenance, for our mental, moral and spiritual life.

The first teaches us that each one of us, great or small, grown up or infantile, is learning, not from books and schools, but from daily striving, from hourly living. The second teaches that within each one of us is the actor, the inspirer as well as the admonisher, and that it is necessary to seek him out, to listen to his voice within the heart. Finally we learned that each one of us must act with justice to ourselves and with mercy towards others, for sacrifice implies both justice and mercy.

These three ideals are three powerful lights; they show us what our true duties are and enable us to fulfil them. They are harbingers of knowledge which brings vision, of peace which gives power, of wisdom which begets love. With their aid our drudgery becomes divine, our life becomes an inspiration. May you, may all of us possess strength to live by the three lights so that we radiate peace on all whom we contact.

SLEEPING AND WAKING

[Max Plowman's ideas seem to have a basis of actual experience. The upward progress of the human soul is a series of progressive awakenings, each advance bringing with it the idea, that now, at last, we have reached "reality". Eastern esoteric philosophy names seven states of consciousness—(1) waking, (2) waking-dreaming, (3) natural-sleeping, (4) induced or trance sleep, (5) psychic, (6) super-psychic, and (7) spiritual; while the exoteric classification is four-fold—jagrat, swapna, sushupti, and turya. All the states of Consciousness in sleep have their correspondences in the waking state; thus dreams in sleep and ecstatic visions in contemplation are analogous. Mr. Plowman's views will become more clear to the student familiar with the above classifications.]

The idea that the true poet is the recorder and that poetry "records the historic progress of the soul" is also an ancient one. The authors of the Vedas are known as recorders; they heard the songs chanted in heaven and repeated them on earth. They are described also as the Seers of the Hymns, *Mantra-Drashtaras*.

In conformity with the above it would not be possible for any student of eastern occultism to accept the claim Mr. Plowman makes on behalf of Jesus, "as a unique figure in the history of man". Surely our esteemed author does not mean that Jesus was the first human being who "perceived God as his father". Not only is there a long line of Illustrious Predecessors of Jesus who said "Aham eva Parabrahman—I am verily the supreme Brahman" but also there is a long line of Gurus who taught to their chelas "Tattvamasi—thou art That". There is the famous example of Aruni who taught his pupil Shvetaketu, and that of Yajnyavalkya who taught his wives and disciples—Maitreyi and Katyayani.—EDS.]

The perception of truth always comes with a sense of awakening. We wake to recognise. However strange the sudden appearance of truth may be, in itself it is perfectly familiar: we come to it as a sailor to his own port; we know it as certainly as we know a friend's face in a crowd; this is what we have sought even without knowing what we were seeking. Yet with this sense of complete familiarity there is the great and sudden sense of awakening. A film, like the veil of sleep, falls from our eyes: suddenly we are transported on to higher ground, and with assurance we know the way.

This fitful process of moving

from one level of consciousness to a higher is the manner of man's whole spiritual progression. As the tree at its top puts forth a bud that must risk its life at a higher point than any bud upon the tree has known before, so the consciousness of man is required to move upon ever loftier altitudes. To live properly he must enter momentarily upon the future with complete confidence, and this he can only do in the strength of vision; for vision is the recognition of the hitherto unknown, and the true life of consciousness is a recurring series of moments of recognition. Such a moment of vision—such a budding upon the tree of life—was the moment

when Jesus perceived God as his father. Then, for the first time, man was at home in the world, fraternally related to the whole cosmos: then, for the first time, creation gave back to the creator the perfect image of his design. That achievement of vision remains unsurpassed. It is because no one has believed the truth that Jesus believed, with the simple and absolute recognition that was his, that he remains a unique figure in the history of man and has been worshipped as a mythological and divine being. But it is impossible for human consciousness to recede from the point he attained, and although the fatherhood of God may now mean truth or complete error to men, according as it is imaginatively or rationally apprehended, it is to that apex of recognition that human consciousness aspires, and will continue to aspire. For man cannot go back upon himself: the tree cannot deny its utmost bud: the vision seen by one man makes a landmark for the world.

The question which torments the mind of man is: can vision be believed? And the answer is that it can only be believed by those who see it. When, as we say, the truth "dawns" upon us, we do not wonder about it; we are not dubious; we say that we know. But our conviction is, in itself, quite unpersuasive to another. Unless we can truly incarnate our vision, he must have his own; and when he has had it he will need no persuasion. The effort to persuade men into any

kind of belief is wholly misguided; for when we do not know the truth all tales about it are fabulous, and when we see the truth we cannot disbelieve it: that is an impossibility. Our whole concern then should be to incarnate the vision, that is, to do the works which follow naturally upon it.

The poet gives us a perfect example of what our behaviour should be. He sees; but he does not thereupon run about trying to persuade other people to his point of view: he creates an image of what he has seen, he makes something that embodies the event, and his poem becomes a reflection of the vital truth of his individual experience. Then, and not till then, has the truth become incarnate. Then it is persuasive; for if we in turn have imagination, we are, through the reflection, able to receive and acknowledge the light. The poet does not write to persuade, but to record. He is the true historian of man's spiritual progress: his work is to record the achieved moments of the soul.

One of the finest examples of the awakening of the soul to truth is to be found in Keat's *Ode to a Nightingale*. That it was an awakening is shown very clearly by the conclusion:—

Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music. Do I wake or sleep?

Those are obviously the words of one who has seen something with such intensity he wonders whether the evidence of his physical eyes can now be believed. Coming back from the realms of

vision, he stands for a moment like a swimmer on the shore, too dazed by the waves to recognise the familiar. Coming suddenly upon us as the lines do, while the vision is still freshly with us, they seem at first hardly to belong to the poem—to be a comment upon it, almost an afterthought. But that is a superficial impression. Those questions are truly integral, for they complete the circle of experience and bring us—as all truly lived spiritual experiences bring us—back to earth. Without those lines the poem would be incomplete, for they express the authentic and inevitable wonder the visionary always feels upon his return. Keats came back, like Moses from the mount, with the glory round about him, and dazzled by the light he cries: "Was it a vision or a waking dream?"

To apply the question is a good test. Do you believe it was a vision, or a waking dream? Was it a sudden accession of increased consciousness, or was it a lapse from fully awakened consciousness to a state of dream? No doubt most people to-day believe that Keats's experience was of the nature of a lapse. Many would read us treatises on the emergence of the subconscious—without understanding what they read. The vulgar idea of the poet as a mere dreamer would find confirmation in the very question; and the modernist, who imagines himself to be beyond the reach of what he calls "romanticism," would probably agree with the vulgar in believing Keats's con-

sciousness at the time to be subnormal. So that to say, as we shall now say, that this condition—whatever it was—was *the* condition of consciousness imperative to the apprehension of truth, is to say something that will be scouted by nine people out of ten.

Beside that conclusion let us place the fact that here we have one of the greatest poems in the world—one of the undisputed glories of English literature. "Can men gather figs from thistles?" Can an inferior state of consciousness produce what is in itself acknowledged to be fruit of the highest consciousness? Either the poem must be rejected as inferior, or the state of mind in which it was written acknowledged as supreme. Poetry is miraculous, but not in the sense that it would be if it were an effect without due cause: it transcends, but it does not disobey the laws of rationality. Poetry we have said records the historic progress of the soul; so we must either abandon the theory of lapse, or the poem.

We have the advantage over Keats at the moment when he had just finished the poem in that we now know it for what it was. We can test it objectively. But the question was a very real one to him. "Was it a vision or a waking dream?" is no mere rhetorical expression of surprise. Keats was deeply concerned to discover the validity of his experience. At the moment he only knew that something wonderful had happened to him. What was

it? Had he been awakened to the perception of imaginative reality—had he seen inner reality existing in its own eternity beyond the realm of transient appearances? Or had he slept and wandered in the garden of faded memory? It was a terrific question.

Let us go back and examine the steps of his progress. He had begun upon earth in the ferment of personal desire:—

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense as though of hemlock I had drunk.

There is sleep there: a drowsiness almost like the approach of death. There is the desire of death—"That I might drink, and leave the world unseen"—but there is love transcending death—"Away! away! for I will fly to thee"—and by the time he reaches the fourth stanza he has achieved complete detachment from all personal craving: now his spirit is full of worship and he is lifted by the strength of pure passion into the realm of adoration. "Already with thee." Thus he has attained to identification with the object of his love, and immediately he realises its eternal identity—"immortal Bird"—and so becomes detached from it again, returning to his "sole self," new-born by the experience, and "forlorn," as a new-born child is forlorn, wondering, as a child might wonder, whether his realisation of the world of common day were a sleep or an awakening.

The movement is according to the pattern of all visionary experience.

Compare it with the first poem of Blake's *Songs of Innocence* where, as Mr. Wicksteed has pointed out, the whole process of incarnation is perfectly symbolised: there is the same ascent, the same recognition, the same moment of identification, and the same return to earth. The order is of course the order of all creative action and is symbolic of every fully realised sexual experience. This love-process lies at the heart of reality, and without it reality cannot be known. That is what we, of the modern scientific world, have forgotten. We believe that reality can be known unemotionally—that if we only piece the parts of knowledge together with sufficient care then we shall really know the truth. We act as if the creative process itself were an irrelevant and rather tiresome handicap to real knowledge—something the wise man is wise to overlook; so we inverse the eternal order which puts all knowledge in dependence upon consciousness, and putting knowledge first, endeavour to make consciousness trivial. We succeed in making it chaotic. Our energetic strident will to knowledge defeats itself, for the receptive soul alone has knowledge of reality, and when the mind becomes noisy and clamorous the soul is deafened: it cannot hear the intimations of truth, which are usually whispered.

Blake could have answered Keats's question better than any man of his day; for what he describes as "visions of Eternity"

were the delight of his life and the source of all his tremendous activity. Not that Keats himself was long in need of an answer. In what is very probably the next poem he wrote, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, the answer is given with a directness almost didactic. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty." Keats is persuaded that what the imagination seizes upon as beauty must be truth, and the validity of his imaginative experience with the nightingale is thereby wholly established. The nightingale ode ends with a question; the *Ode on a Grecian Urn* answers it; the power of imagination is all its theme. The poems are naturally sequent.

For Blake, the sleep of unconsciousness was the sleep of death. This sleep is the subject of his greatest poem, which begins:—

Of the sleep of Ulro ! and of the passage
through
Eternal Death ! and of the awakening to
Eternal Life.

The poem itself comes to him after the manner of an awakening:—

This theme calls me in sleep night after
night, and ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sun-rise : then I see the
Saviour over me
Spreading his beams of love and dictating
the words of this mild song.
"Awake ! awake O sleeper in the land of
shadows . . ."

Death, sleep, vegetative life and spiritual awakening were for Blake four distinct conditions which mortals suffered or enjoyed.

The sun was for him the saviour from sleep: when we have

learned to bear his "beams of love," "the cloud" of mortality (which enfolds us like a womb) "will vanish" and "we shall see his face". The symbolism is recurrent. It is the sun that loves the earth and woos it into fructifying life. So it is that the earth, upon which the sun shines, becomes "the Garden of Beulah," "a mild and pleasant rest . . . given in mercy to those who sleep." Man reposes from Eternity in the sleep of Time. At the end of *Jerusalem* he is described as "returning wearied into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days and Hours: *reposing*, And then *awakening* into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality."

Do we sleep or wake? It is the great question. The most awakened souls seem to have been most conscious of their own sleep. Blake, Wordsworth, Shelley—the idea of awakening from the dream of life is one that haunts them. The Eternal, says Blake, is ever present to the wise. Therefore their movements from lower to higher altitudes of consciousness are constant: their angels ascend and descend Jacob's Ladder, and at the foot they seem to sleep. Just as there are levels of consciousness in sleep (to be glimpsed in the moments between sleep and waking), so there are levels of waking consciousness. They live most who are most constantly aware of them.

MAX PLOWMAN

ASCETICISM AND MODERN CIVILIZATION

[H. M. Tomlinson, the well-known author of *Gallions Reach*, *All Our Yesterdays* and other books, writes on a subject debated by many thoughtful writers. His point of view will clear the minds of those who are confused or puzzled by the Fast-Practice of such a man as Gandhiji.—EDS.]

To the Western man, the idea of asceticism—which never enters his head—would be as crazy as choosing to be hungry and cold when he could be comfortable. The same man, to keep his attention fixed and bright while testing the speed of a machine, will dominate his body into complete accord with his purpose. Because he does surmise that when for any high reason he must do his best, and must concentrate his intelligence on the riddle of market prices fluctuating mysteriously, or the task of jumping a number of fences in record time, or the arcanum of rates of exchange, or the championship of his golf club, then he must “keep fit” as he calls it. Though what is happening to him when there is no good reason to apply himself, when indeed his affairs are normal and vague in a world no more muddled than usual, he is not impelled, of course, to remark.

Yet certainly he makes his friendly acknowledgment to spirit, which if young and fit he may readily call to his aid when he resolves to attain a great altitude in an aeroplane, even if his only test for the power of its sustaining virtue is a cardiograph. It would embarrass him to give that power any name but

that of an applicable material quality. And why should we embarrass him with a rare suggestion? It is seldom useful to speculate aloud and confusingly on the nature of matter or no matter, when the aim is to attain the highest efficiency of an engine. That would be unreasonable. There the engine is. What do we know about it? What, in truth does anyone know about it? It may be all too late now in the progress of industrial society to speculate on the potency of the machines, except their horse-power; or on the proper way to control that power, except that their young drivers should have bright eyes, stout hearts, and steady nerves.

That is why, in western civilization, the subject of asceticism has an absurd look, if it is so much as noticed. Why stop and prepare to meditate, when you know what to do? The comic artists of the West, with no ill intent, but as a robust and genial statement, the fun of which is at once apparent, delight in depicting Gandhi's gaunt simplicity in repose. That explains to everybody what he is. No comment is necessary. Simplicity is comic as well as strange, and puts him beyond argument. Would a sane and reasonable man reduce life to

its bare elements for no better purpose than to learn where he is in relation to the sun, moon and stars? As though the things of earth could have any relationship with whatever laws may direct to their destiny such extraneous phenomena! I do not suggest here in untoward irony that we westerns should, and would if we had but a glimpse of the light familiar to a Guru—about which I know nothing—attempt to live by the austere rules which to him are right. For let us say he is dedicated. He divines what we do not; and his asceticism is but his way to his service in the universal. That charge is not laid upon most of us, for we have heard no distant drummer; and most of us could be gratuitous subjects for comic cartoons if in aberration we fancied we had heard a far signal, unheard by others, in a dawn about which the local calendar had no word. The fact is that, without his light, the austerities which belong to his service would be, for most of us, indistinguishable from self-torture.

And that indeed is what the practice of asceticism fell to in the West, in monastic life. It was prompted not by cheerful apprehension of a distant yet perhaps ascertainable good, but by a woeful conviction of sin. It became, not help along a difficult path, but good in itself. It gratified the sense of sorrow over iniquity, so the more humiliating the self-punishment, the more virtuous the sinner became. The argu-

ment for its practice, therefore, was perfect. If a man himself does not know what measure of punishment his sin needs for expiation, who should? Self-punishment, and the uglier the more saintly, went to lengths of purification so disquieting that to the unsaintly merely to name them would be indelicate. Walt Whitman, with his fulsome adoration of the body, yet the simple satisfaction of its needs, was much nearer the holy man than some of the figures accorded haloes in the Christian calendar because in life they lived cadaverously.

To stint the means to a full life, despite the devotional sackcloth and ashes of the saints, can be as sacrilegious as the profaning of a Temple; a crime common to-day over most of Europe, where industrial civilization, for the better working of its machinery, condemns vast multitudes of people to a most austere existence. Their condition, living on the verge of starvation, shows plainly enough that to withhold from life whatever pertains to a full tide of blood and a disposition essaying and buoyant, may have unexpected consequences. Idle hands, kept alive, but not very much alive, by the charity of the taxpayer, at last induce a kind of paralysis of the mind; the moral code becomes blurred, and black and white, and right and wrong, merge into an indistinguishable grey in which nothing is clear, in which both faith and desperation blend as apathy. Involuntary asceticism may have

results as dismal as those occasioned by the self-punishment of men and women who would be holy.

Men may, in fact, through deprivation, see not more clearly, but see nothing of importance at all. Instead of a reduction of life to its bare bones releasing a glimpse to other values, not apparent when the body is full and luxurious, only bare bones may be seen, which is death. I will not deny that that is so because out of evil only evil must issue; for if the principles that govern the machines and organization of industrial society are cruel because they use life only for material ends, then it is certain that the bodies of superfluous citizens of that society will be valued as waste for the scrap-heap. When a man is on the scrap-heap, he knows where he is. What is waste? Why, even a temple is that when its value is forgotten.

I do not advocate sackcloth and ashes as a fashionable mode for the West; but it seems to me that if a little sackcloth became general for a space, however brief, and some ashes were poured, just as a sign that in wonder a doubt had come that something was vitally wrong in our way of life, and that the defect must be found, then at least the uproar and the confident shouting would die down; and as little as that as a result would be a welcome and promising first benefit. Yet so far from sackcloth, there revives a desperate attachment to the old flamboyant national colours, sim-

ply because the ancient emblems hang heavily in the wind, and are the less brave and free. Therefore the West, to keep up its courage, while viewing in consternation the worsening languor of its elaborate machinery and the disruption of its political systems, shouts and cheers still more loudly the emblems of those forces which have brought about its unescapable dilemmas; for now we are not persons, but masses. Nor is it ever easy to get the old gods overturned, even when there is a common suspicion that they are images of questionable attributes, whose gifts are dubious; fear of them restrains. What would happen if they were thrown down? On what could we rely, if not on the power of that which has made us what we are?

What we are! Could that be other than good? How is it possible to doubt that? Whatever may be the outcome of our way of life, and it is true that our devotion to some old ideas is now having strange and even startling consequences, we are not aware of inherent fault. It is only that our formulas and prayers are not working so well as they did. For we have not yet learned that the aspect of our world is only the reflection of what we are. That aspect at present is fairly terrifying; but in it we do not recognize the defects and distortions of our own common thoughts and opinions; unchanging, we wait for the reflection to change. There is no suspicion that the threatening spectres are ourselves.

Our present anxieties, just when our energetic cleverness should have made us so much better off than our forefathers, arise from the fact, it may be, that increasing speed and noise and the threat of the multitude allow no opportunity for the use of so much as common-sense; even the inclination to pause and consider what it is we do, and what is the destiny of our acts, leaves us. Our standard of values, never verified and revised, becomes depraved. Even the sense of right and wrong grows confused, and evil is good, and good is folly, to people whose anxiety is desperate when affairs are moving too fast, though not to an end which is visibly promising. We do not yet know that when we submit to any power, for what we hope to gain by our submission, then we must accept whatever be its issue, though its full inherency is unknown to us; and the devil may be in it. The desirable fire which Prometheus stole from Heaven was a handy element, docile in its original hollow pipe, but it held potencies beyond the knowledge of the first benefactor of man. That tube now is blowing great guns. Man contrived to filch power from the gods, but he forgot to bring away with him the necessary clue to its right use; so here is Chaos come again?

A little asceticism, a voluntary reduction of life to its essentials

and no more, and a pause in which we could humbly consider the cause of our infelicity, when our dark Satanic mills cease to smoke with their old volume and when the show and the tushes of power do not work with their old unfailling magic, seem desirable.

Desirable, yet unlikely. Instinctively we know that a changed outlook, which a changed opinion must give us, would not be enjoyable, because it could not include those things which would meet our desires.

Laissez faire! With that, it may still fall out by good luck that we may be able to gratify our desires; it is worth waiting for. After all, things may not be so bad as they seem. Why give the matter anxious thought? Thought is dangerous, and inimical to desire. Not only dictators, but everybody whose position still gives them more or less of what they want knows that. It is not a matter for argument. Instinct tells us so much. For we really know well enough, on instinct, that the ideas out of which has grown the modern State, with its arbitrary powers, yet its wide latitude for whoever will give it unquestioning devotion, topples at the touch of an independent thought, doubtful of the good in it. We have yet to glimpse the meaning of a full life; we have no notion that it may have no outward show.

H. M. TOMLINSON

THE WISE ONE

[B. M. is an old-world man living by his old-world methods in our era. We are fortunate in having secured a few reports of his talks to his intimate friends. The *Bhagavad-Gita* is the book he has mastered through long years of study and meditation; but further, having lived according to its tenets more successfully than is generally possible, his thoughts breathe a peculiar fragrance. The papers have been translated from the vernacular: it should be understood that they are not literal translations, and the translator has adhered more to ideas and principles than to words. Although B. M. knows English, his inspiration becomes impeded in employing that medium of expression and so he prefers not to use it.—EDS.]

Unto the Supreme Spirit (Brahman)
goeth he who maketh the Supreme Spirit
the object of his meditation in perform-
ing his actions.—*Bhagavad-Gita* IV. 24.

This verse ends the description of the Sage (Buddha).

The Buddha is one whose buddhi is lighted by the Light of Gayatri or of Mahachaitanyam, *i. e.* of the Spiritual Sun hidden in our visible sun. Just as our minds are enlightened by wisdom, so in the course of evolution our intuitive-soul (buddhi) is enlightened by super-wisdom, the soul of wisdom, the secret wisdom, which solves the mystery of the universe. Then man becomes Super-Man or Buddha.

Ordinary knowledge may be compared to prose, but the other is like poetry and song. Gayatri is the spirit of poetry, and real poetry of sound and words is composed by intuitive-souls and is fully grasped by intuition; prose is born of and can be grasped by mind. The true words of any Sage possess poetic rhythm and beauty; to understand that we must feel them.

Again, there is philosophy, which gives us principles and details of what human minds have

thought out, and such philosophy helps our mental growth. But there is super-philosophy: the pure intellect (buddhi) reflects within itself Divine Images or Ideas, and such intuitive-souls make a record of them. Such a record of super-philosophy is like a mirror in which Nature reflects herself.

Therefore the Sage (Buddha) is a poet and a philosopher.

Then Buddha is the Aged One—old of Soul, hoary with experience. That experience is so profound that its possessor is able to penetrate directly and simply all problems and phenomena. The child is direct and simple in questioning; the Sage is direct and simple in answering; mental questioning, fretting, doubt, puzzlement, worry exist not in him, and so this Aged One is ever young.

This description of the Sage is in the fourth discourse in which Krishna speaks of the mysterious doctrine of Avatars, Divine Incarnations. In verses 16 to 24 we are given a picture, a description

of the Sage whose goal is the Source of Avatars.

Gupta-Vidya, Occultism or Esoteric Philosophy teaches that there are four classes of Jivan-Muktas, Emancipated Beings. All such have overcome Karma, *i. e.*, they need not perform any action, they need not exert themselves, because for them nothing remains to be known or obtained. They know themselves as impartite Universal Beings, and experience the joy within their own consciousnesses while reposing in the ocean of peace.

Of these four classes of liberated souls there are some who resolve to follow the Path of Krishna, the Path of Avatars; they resolve to descend to earth, and out of their own choice live in bondage for the sake of the race. That kind of a Sage is very rare—he who lives ever awake, ever active. It is said that the idea and ideal of performing Karmas produce the four classes of Jivan-Muktas. Just as by Guna-Karma, qualities of past deeds, the four castes arise in the human kingdom, so also by a similar process four classes of Jivan-Muktas arise. They are: (1) Those who live in Turya—a state of deepest trance; (2) Those who live in Sushupti—highest meditation; (3) Those who live in Svapna—exhilarating dream condition. Then there is the *fourth*: Those who live in Jagrat—in the waking, active state on earth. This last type of Jivan-Mukta, Free Man, gives up his Impartite State of Turya, his Meditative State of Sushupti,

his happy and exhilarating state of Svapna, and assumes the active life of Jagrat. He is the real Living Mahatma. By special discipline and training he fits himself to serve the three worlds throughout Ananta-Yuga, the Boundless Age. In Buddhistic terminology he is called Bodhi-Sattva: he who incarnates in his pure buddhi or intuitive-soul the truths of Adi-Buddha, the Primeval Buddha.

The Sage described in the fourth discourse which deals with the Doctrine of Avatars is the Living Mahatma, who is active for the sake of others. The Path of Krishna, which He says is superior to all other paths, treading which this last class of Sages reach Him, and having attained never never fall, but are ever engaged in revolving His Wheel—that Path one in a million treads. It is of such Mahatmas difficult to find (vii. 19) that Krishna enumerates the qualities.

We who are attempting and learning to walk that Way must use these nine verses. They provide a channel for us who aspire to sense inwardly the nature of the living Mahatma, the Wakeful, Watchful, Active Mahatma. These verses make a Picture, a mental Image; what an idol is to the physical eyes, an object of contemplation and adoration not because of its substance but because of its symbology, that too is this description to the eye of the Soul. Reading these verses, memorizing them, thinking about them, using them to build an

image, to paint a picture, to carve an idol, we will glimpse the Spiritual Face and the Lotus Feet of the Living Mahatma.

Let us look at these verses. They deal with action and an actor of a particular kind. Actions bind; actions set free; inaction deludes, inaction enlightens. In the first of these verses, the sixteenth, Krishna says that even bards and poets (कवयः) who possess insight and intuition are confused as to action-inaction. Therefore Krishna explains the nature and mode of that particular kind of action whose performance produces no bondage, nay more, the Living Mahatma engages himself in such performance. In that performance we are able to feel that no action has been committed. It is effortless action, because it comes easily to us, is natural. When one strains oneself in the doing of a deed it is of

the nature of Rajas, the motion of desire.

Now, all the actions of the Living Mahatma are such easy, flowing, natural actions, and two characteristics are common to all of them: (1) the action of the Sage is never rooted in desire; (2) the action of the Sage is begun, carried on and ended by the Light of His philosophy and wisdom.

In performing actions day by day we must be guided by this Picture of the Sage, whose hands bless us; whose head creates the thought-dreams which impart knowledge to us; whose heart-meditation rays forth compassion which brings us His Vision; and drawing us into His innermost high trance state, He makes us the gift of gifts—opening our sight for a moment, He makes us behold the Glories and Excellencies of The Temple of the World.

B. M.

Behold, the mellow light that floods the Eastern sky. In signs of praise both heaven and earth unite. And from the fourfold manifested Powers a chant of love ariseth, both from the flaming Fire and flowing Water, and from sweet-smelling Earth and rushing Wind. Hark! . . . from the deep unfathomable vortex of that golden light in which the Victor bathes, all Nature's wordless voice in thousand tones ariseth to proclaim: Joy unto ye, O men of Myalba. A Pilgrim hath returned back "from the other shore." A new Arhan is born.

—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

LIVING MESSENGERS CALLED WORDS

EVOLUTION, *not* CREATION, by means of
WORDS is recognized in the philosophies of
the East, even in their exoteric records.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY,
The Secret Doctrine, II. 42.

[Below we print three essays on the subject of sound, speech and words.—EDS.]

I

THE LIMITATIONS OF LANGUAGE

[G. B. Harrison, M.A. (Cantab) Ph. D. (London)], deals with the soul aspect of words. Like the dual aspect of consciousness, ever shifting and ever abiding, words also have a passing personal connotation and, again, the permanent and constant image they evoke. Words like men are mortal, and then there are Immortal Words or Words of Power. The article brings out the truth of eastern Occultism which affirms that "to pronounce a word is to evoke a thought, and make it present: the magnetic potency of the human speech is the commencement of every manifestation in the Occult World The Word (Verbum) or the speech of every man is, quite unconsciously to himself, a blessing or a curse."
—EDS.]

Men learn to speak so early that they forget the mechanism and the limitations of speech. Speech is made up of words, and words are sounds that stand as signs for a vast range of wants and thoughts. Such sounds by themselves mean nothing except by general agreement of those using the same language. It is curious indeed that man should have chosen his tongue and ear as the means of communication; for there are many advantages in gesture and movement which can be perceived by the eye, and with generations of development perhaps a wider range of emotion could have been expressed. Certainly for some emotions dancing is more satisfying than language.

Nor are words the only means of communication between men. Knowing no Arabic and having

no lamp, I once tried to buy lamp oil in an Arab bazaar by sign language; the process took half an hour but it was successful. Most men use gesture of some kind to help out language but there are few universal gestures; the beckoning sign, "Come hither," of an Eastern means "Go away," to a Western.

Words have, however, at least one advantage over gestures, for they can be recorded in script and print, and though the dancer can speak to multitudes at one moment, the written word remains so long as the language can be understood.

The process of speech is exceedingly complex, for the words symbolise so various a range of conceptions; each word in a sentence will touch and sensitize some different mental nerve, and a

phrase such as "the scent of a red rose" will evoke images of smell, colour, touch and memory. The process has to be reversed by the hearer; the sounds are translated into symbols; the symbols evoke the images; and the effect of the whole combination is passed into the perception.

When spoken language is translated into writing and then reconverted into words by the reader, a second process of symbolisation occurs. For written words are themselves composed of letters which are again symbols for sounds. By constant practice the whole process of reading is almost instantaneous, but it removes both writer and reader one stage further from the original thought which is to be exchanged, and adds new obstructions to complete understanding, for we are in a faint, subtle way affected by the material form of the page; even the appearance of the type will carry with it a host of individual associations.

Moreover, written language often differs from spoken language. To many the process of transforming the symbols of sound into symbols of script is painful and laborious; the mere act of fluent writing needs some training of the hand, and the labour of the pen is soon obvious.

Written language differs most from spoken language in those tongues where shades of meaning are expressed by stress and intonation and not by tense, mood or arrangement. English is notably a language of stresses, and the

simplest sentence will often bear as many implied meanings as there are words. So plain a statement, for instance, as "he never worked for me" becomes by stress: "*He* never worked for me"—but his cousin did; and "he *never* worked for me"—and those who say it are wrong; and "he never *worked* for me"—for he was an idle scamp; and "he never worked *for* me"—but against; and "he never worked for *me*"—but for my father. All the implications come out of the sentence according to the word stressed.

In written speech these stresses can easily be missed, for italics are usually considered a feminine device disfiguring the page. The good writer will by the very rhythms of his sentence make them felt, and the good reader will sense them—for indeed reading is an art as well as writing.

The vague and general meanings of words are agreed on; but the commoner the word, the wider its range of meanings, and the more personal. It follows that language is a limited medium for the expression of any complex experience or emotion. Words are only understood when both to speaker and to hearer they convey approximately the same meaning. The most enduring books are those which are permanently comprehensible and deal therefore with common experiences which constantly recur. There is no word which will convey the rare experience to one who has not felt it. Hence most teachers of religion who have something new

to present set forth their thoughts in familiar symbols, endeavouring to pass from the known to the novel.

But here again the difficulties are immense. Jesus spoke of God as his Father. This word father comes to each individual tinged with the emotion of his feeling towards his own father; insomuch that even an idea seemingly so simple as "God the Father" has been understood in two entirely contradictory ways. To some God is Father, for "Fatherlike He tends and bears us," protecting His children from the dangers of their inexperience; to others He is Father because He chastises His sons, and the author of the *Epistle to the Hebrews* found chastisement a great proof of the love of God:—

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom his father chasteneth not?

But if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.

These words "God" and "love" bear so many meanings that they become meaningless. "God" is applied to all kinds of conceptions from a crude little image to the idea of a Mind pervading, willing, controlling the Universe in its immensity and minuteness; whilst "love" stretches from mating to the highest forms of selflessness.

Some words too have a habit of coming to life almost as objective beings, and particularly abstract words which summarise a range of complex emotions. In

certain states of mind, particularly the more primitive, a process becomes personified. Thus the word "death" denotes the change that occurs when a physical body ceases to be active, and gradually by reason of the importance of this change to living bodies the word swells and becomes more portentous until Death is a live and terrifying deity with his own symbols, worship and ritual. He becomes fate, the ally of darkness, the last enemy to be overthrown in the final triumph of God—and all this because men invented a word for the cease of life.

Words can become exceedingly dangerous, especially when men worship them, and worst of all when books—which are but collections of words—become deified the pages of the Bible and the Koran are spattered with the bloodshed in the name of God..

Words are the coin of thought, and like all currencies liable to the fluctuations of the market. Words change their meaning, and often their social value and status, at one time expressing a rare or noble thought; and then by over-use they become smooth and valueless. Sometimes they are highly charged with emotion and then in changed circumstances the glow fades and the word loses its colour. Eighteen years ago such words as "reprisal" were full of a ghastly intensity; reprisals are now but an evil memory to those who lived through the war, and to the younger generation mean nothing.

Again, seeing that words often

take their colour from the experience of the speaker, they are inadequate to express anything that lies beyond the hearer's capacity for experience. A man may express his thoughts to his own satisfaction, for the expression reminds him. Yet the purpose and art of language is not merely self-expression but communication so that the great writer needs a reader as nearly as possible on his own level. To use words to their fullest the speaker must therefore be able to understand the experiences of his hearer and to express his own thoughts in words which will evoke his hearer's memories. Great writing or speaking needs a vast experience; and indeed the first quality of a teacher is to enter into the mind of his disciple.

The exact meaning of a word

to each individual comes from his own past. As the late Sir Walter Raleigh wrote:—

The mind of man is peopled like some silent city with a sleeping company of reminiscences, impressions, attitudes, emotions, to be awakened to fierce activity at the touch of words.

But in each man the same word will stir different emotions. Herein lies the great difficulty of words as a currency for the exchange of thought; it is so hard to be sure that any phrase conveys the same exact meaning to hearer and speaker.

The greatest danger in the use of language is to misunderstand its nature and limitations; for words are like chisels, dangerous to handle, easily blunted, but in the hands of an artist, keen and penetrating, his tools in the work of creation.

G. B. HARRISON

II

ON THE MISUSE AND ABUSE OF WORDS

[George Godwin, novelist and biographer, continues the same examination but brings out more prominently the ill effects of misunderstood and misapplied words, and also of the exploitation of words. How apt sound the views Mr. W. Q. Judge expressed in his *Letters That Have Helped Me* (p. 12):—

Words are things. With me and in fact. Upon the lower plane of social intercourse they are things, but soulless and dead because that convention in which they have their birth has made abortions of them. But when we step away from that conventionality they become alive in proportion to the reality of thought—and its purity—that is behind them. So in communication between two students they are things, and those students must be careful that the ground of intercourse is fully understood. Let us use with care these living messengers called words.]

The problems of our modern world may not differ in essentials from those of earlier ages; but in complexity and dimensions they are such that it becomes more and more difficult for the seeker

after truth to come by it, and this whether he would know the truth about Russia, the merits or demerits of Swaraj, or the true characters of such world figures as Gandhi, Mussolini or Stalin.

At such a time, it is quite obvious, the need for integrity in speech, and the right use of words is a prerequisite for sound judgment and even an approximate (the best we can ever hope for) appreciation of the facts and the problems inherent in them.

Let me take an example—Soviet Russia.

Whatever may be the opinion of the reader of this vast social experiment, one thing is reasonably certain, and that is that it is an application with modifications here and there of Marxist social philosophy.

It might seem superfluous to say as much, but for the fact that the word "bolshivism," by which this system is known, has come to have a connotation completely divorced from its proper meaning. It has become, for many millions unfamiliar with the facts (as is the present writer), a term of abuse.

It is quite a common thing to hear this word, and its cant version, "bolshie," used much as the term "Hun" was used between 1914-1918. The reason is the same in both cases. During the war it was deemed necessary to employ the word Hun for the enemy so that Germany, for the masses, should stand for the crimes of Attila rather than for the virtues of Goethe. To-day, the term "bolshie" is employed to signify abhorrence of the U. S. S. R., so that the real issue, the respective merits of the two systems, shall be obscured by prejudice and abuse.

It is this sort of verbal outlawry of such terms that does infinite damage, the effect being disastrous because it diverts the attention of the hearer from the authentic meaning of the words and looses in his mind a set of images and emotions that are impediments to clear judgment or any judgment at all.

The unthinking man who hears the term "bolshie" employed only in notes of contempt or opprobrium, does not hesitate to consider the adequacy of the grounds for such obloquy. And the chances are he reacts in such a manner that his mind is rendered incapable of considering the underlying realities that would be otherwise the subject of quiet and dispassionate examination.

It is probably true to say that the western world has been completely anæsthetised by this outlawry of a single word and rendered incapable of looking squarely at a social and economic phenomenon without parallel in the world's history.

To take one more example of the harm wrought by the abuse or misuse of words, one might take the name Gandhi. For those who know the man it is a word that evokes emotions and sentiments similar to those evoked in the West by such names as Lincoln, Gordon or Knox.

But the name has another connotation altogether. For millions it stands for an absurd figure of fun or for indefensible sedition.

In this case, too, the result is to throw the intellectual machinery

out of gear and to release all that is most unworthy in the passions of the unthinking mob.

To attach to such words that, rightly used, connote high ideals of social justice or national aspiration, moral opprobrium, is intellectual treason.

The word "Socialism" is a striking illustration of how ignorance, fear and prejudice, can father upon a word a set of ideas remote from its authentic meaning. It is not many years since to be a Socialist was to confess to subversive tendencies. The word was uttered with the deepest of contempt, if not with downright horror.

It is probable that many people for whom this social philosophy would have appealed (since in essence it is merely the application of the Christian religion to the economic sphere) were deterred from examining its principles by the obloquy that attached to the outlawed word Socialism.

It is very much the same when we consider the manner in which words with an emotional content are used to-day. There must have been a time in the world's history when the word "Love," was one of terrific force. Doubtless the first men to love reserved their term for that terrific experience of the human soul for its appropriate occasion. But to-day

so debased has the word become that we speak of loving golf, motoring or the novels of Miss X.

Time and misuse have blunted language and robbed it of much of its former power to evoke strong emotions. Our verbal currency has worn thin, so thin that we respond but feebly to the stimulus or respond not at all. We accept the cant phrase and accept as minted gold the gilded sixpence of verbal currency. Worse, we accept unquestioningly coins that are spurious, and pass them on.

Little wonder then that men who desire to use language as an instrument for the communication of emotions and ideas are being driven to the expedient of coining language anew, and we have the strange productions of such bold experimenters as James Joyce and those who follow him.

The flippant use of extravagant words—the perpetual misuse of the word "marvellous" and the like—one may pass over as foibles of the moment that will pass. Every age has seen such absurdities. But the tendency of our time to invest words connoting ideas of terrific import to the world with ignominy is to throw up before the enquirer after truth a verbal barricade so high that the truth beyond is often beyond his reach.

GEORGE GODWIN

III

SOME SPECULATIONS ABOUT SOUND IN SANSKRIT LITERATURE

[A. B. Gajendragadkar, M. A., is Professor of Sanskrit at the Elphinstone College, Bombay University, and co-editor of *The Annals of the Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute*, Poona. He has annotated and published several Sanskrit Texts, and is known for his wide learning.

In Indian Philosophy four kinds of Vach or speech are interpreted in numerous ways one of which our learned author offers—all these are expressions of the real Esoteric instruction, partly explained by H. P. Blavatsky who writes :

Thus Vâch, Shekinah, or the “music of the spheres” of Pythagoras, are one, if we take for our example instances in the three most (apparently) dissimilar religious philosophies in the world—the Hindu, the Greek and the Chaldean Hebrew. These personations and allegories may be viewed under *four* (chief) and three (lesser) aspects or *seven* in all, as in Esotericism.—*Secret Doctrine*, I, 432.]

The Hindus are said to be a nation of philosophers. Max Müller called them “the most highly gifted race of mankind”. The peculiar climatic conditions of India and the absence of anything like a struggle for existence favoured the development of philosophical thought among the Hindus in ancient times. Endowed with highly imaginative minds and living in forests, far removed from the disturbances of worldly life, the ancient seers indulged in speculations about problems that have troubled mankind since the beginning of time. One striking peculiarity of ancient Hindu thought is that the problem to which the thinkers directed their minds received consideration from almost every possible point of view, with the result that there is such a bewildering variety of solutions to it offered by different people. In ancient India complete freedom of thought prevailed. There was no such thing as being

bound by the shackles of authoritative texts then. Take for instance philosophy. Here we find speculations ranging from the gross materialism of Cāryaka to the sublime idealism of Śaṅkara. Almost every phase of philosophical thought in the West is represented in one form or another in Hindu philosophical works. Some have even wondered whether it is possible to advance philosophical inquiries further than where they have been left by Hindu seers and whether what are regarded as new theories are not just the old ones presented in a new garb with improvements in details.

These general characteristics of Hindu thought apply to theories of sound as well. And I propose to present in this article some of the Hindu speculations about sound.

FOUR KINDS OF SPEECH

Speculations about sound or speech date back to the oldest of

the Hindu sacred books, viz., the *R̥gveda* where in I. 164, 45 it is declared:—

Four are the forms assumed by speech. Brāhmaṇas, who are controllers of mind, know them. Three, being deposited in a cave, do not manifest themselves. The fourth form of speech men speak.*

Various are the interpretations that are offered for this stanza, but the one which is pertinent to our purpose refers to the theory of the origination of vocal sound. According to this theory when a person desires to speak, he gives the first impulse to mind, which then strikes the bodily fire, which in its turn sets in motion the air in the body. This air starts from the Brahmagranthi (Brahma-knot) or Mūlādhāra (base-support), which is a centre of mystic spiritual energy situated somewhere at the base of the spinal column, and travels upwards through the navel and the heart on to the mouth from which it ultimately emerges in an audible form.† It will thus be seen that vocal sound, which manifests itself in the form of spoken words, is the air which, starting from the base of the

spinal column, where lies the fountain-head of all energy in the body, travels upwards into the mouth, and coming in contact with various parts thereof such as the throat, (*kanṭha*), the palate (*tālu*), the dome of the palate (*mūrdhan*), the teeth and the lips, gives rise to the different sounds that constitute the Sanskrit alphabet. These parts of the oral cavity, contact with which is responsible for the assumption by the air of different articulate sounds, are known as *Sthānāni* or places. Eight such places are enumerated and these are made up by the addition of the heart, the root of the tongue and the nose to the five mentioned above.‡

It has been said above that in the origination of articulate sounds the air starts from the base of the spinal column and travels up to the mouth. This journey represents the development of sound from its extremely subtle form to the gross. In this development there are four stages, which give to *Vāk* or sound its four forms.

Thus at the Mūlādhāra, which is the starting point of the deve-

* चत्वारि वाक्परिमिता पदानि
तानि विदुर्ब्रह्मणा ये मनस्विनः ।
गुहा त्रीणि निहिता नेङ्गयन्ति ।
तुरीयं वाचो मनुष्या वदन्ति ॥

† आत्मा विवक्षमाणो हि मनः प्रेरयते, मनः ।
कायाश्लिषाहन्ति, स प्रेरयति मारुतम् ॥
ब्रह्मग्रन्थिस्थितः सोऽथ क्रमादूर्ध्वपथे चरन् ।
नाभिहृत्कण्ठमूर्धास्येष्वविर्भावयति ध्वनिम् ॥

—संगीतरत्नाकर I. iii. 3-4

‡ अष्टौ स्थानानि वर्णानामुरः कण्ठः शिरस्तथा ।
जिह्वामूलं च दन्ताश्च नासिकोष्ठौ च तालु च ॥

—पाणिनीयशिक्षा 13

lopment, the Vāk is known as Parā or the highest. Parā Vāk is really the most subtle, or transcendental, form of sound. It is in fact Śabda-Brahman or Brahman in the form of sound. Though it is all-pervading, its special abode in the body is the Mūlādhāra or Mūlacakra. Nobody can have sensual perception of Parā Vāk, except, according to some authorities, the Yogins, who can have access to it in the state of deep concentration.

The second stage in the development is reached when the air goes up to the navel. Here it is known as Paśyantī Vāk. It is not so subtle here as at the Mūlādhāra and is within the mental perception of Yogins. According to certain authorities this stage represents will-power.

The heart is the next stage, where Vāk is known as Madhyamā. This is the stage of intellect. When we close our ears, we seem to hear some kind of rumbling noise. That is a manifestation of Madhyamā Vāk.

When at last the air reaches the mouth and manifests itself in the form of the various sounds of the alphabet, it is known as Vaikhari. It is the Vaikhari Vāk that we use in our everyday life. It represents the gross manifestation of Śabda-Brahman and as such is non-eternal as opposed to the three

preceding forms which are eternal.

The R̥gvedic stanza with which we commenced this section will now be clear. The four forms of speech are Parā, Paśyantī, Madhyamā and Vaikhari.* The first three of these are subtle and unmanifest and are consequently spoken of as having been deposited in a cave. Only the fourth, viz., Vaikhari, is available to men for use. That is why the Veda declares: "The fourth form of speech men speak."

Indian philosophical thought tends to culminate in the doctrine of the oneness of all existence. The most prominent example of this is of course the Advaita or monism of Saṅkara. Beginnings of this tendency can again be found in the *R̥gveda* where one seer has declared, "The one existence the wise declare manifold."† Not only is this tendency observed in pure philosophic thought, but also in other speculations. Thus in the case of sound as well we have seen that all different sounds are the developed manifestations of one eternal sound, called Śabda-Brahman, which in the process of development is known as Parā Vāk at the initial stage. If, therefore, we want to realise the Śabda-Brahman, we must go from the manifest to the unmanifest, from the gross to the subtle. Vaikhari is

* परा वाङ् मूलचक्रस्था पश्यन्ती नभिसंस्थिता ।
हृदिस्था मध्यमा ज्ञेया वैखरी कण्ठदेशगा ॥

† एकं सद् विप्रा बहुधा वदन्ति ।

the manifest form of sound. The three unmanifest subtle forms are from the spiritual point of view much more important. "Heard melodies," sang Keats in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, "are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." Similarly, with reference to these four kinds of speech we may say that heard sounds are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.

THE SPOTA OF THE GRAMMARIANS

Sanskrit Grammarians have evolved a peculiar theory of their own as regards the conveyance of sense by sounds. This theory is analogous to the Vedāntic theory of Brahman and its manifestations. How do we understand the sense from a word?—ask the grammarians. Take for example the word "kamala," which means a lotus. The syllables *ka*, *ma* and *la* possess no expressive power individually. Nor can they convey the sense conjointly, because conjunction is not possible between them, as the syllables are evanescent. As soon as I utter *ka*, it is lost in the thin air. It has no existence when I pronounce *ma* and *la*. Therefore all the syllables conjointly cannot express the sense. Under these circumstances the grammarians postulate the existence of one eternal indivisible word, called *Spota*,* which is sense-expressive and is revealed by the cognition of the last syllable of a word helped by the impressions created by the preceding syllables.

This *Spota* closely resembles the Brahman of the Vedāntins. Like Brahman, the *Spota* is eternal and impartite. Brahman, though different from the world, is revealed by the various objects therein. Similarly, the *Spota*, though different from the various syllables, is yet manifested thereby. As Brahman is at the bottom of all worldly phenomena, so the *Spota* is at the basis of all sound phenomena.

ETERNAL AND NON-ETERNAL WORDS

Long discussions are carried on regarding the question as to whether word is eternal or non-eternal. The Mimāṃsakas with their doctrine of the absolute authoritativeness of the Veda, maintain the eternity of word. Grammarians support them. Naiyāyikas on the other hand hold that word is non-eternal. An interesting discussion on this point is found in Durga's Commentary on the *Nirukta* of Yāska.

Yāska divides words into four classes—noun, verb, preposition and particle. An objection is raised against this. How can you have any division of words at all? For words are impermanent. They enjoy existence only as long as they are in contact with the organ of speech of the speaker and the organ of hearing of the listener. And a division of entities, which vanish so quickly, cannot be made.

Against this it is pointed out that words have a double charac-

* This technical name is thus explained : ' स्फुटति अर्थः अस्मात् ।

स्फुटयते व्यज्यते वर्णैः अयम् । स्फुटयति प्रकाशयति अर्थम् ।'

ter. We must make a distinction between *Sabdākṛti* or genuine form or conception of word and *Sabdavyakti* or the individual embodiment or manifestation of that conception. The former is eternal, the latter evanescent. When I pronounce the word "kamala," I am only giving audible manifestation to the conception of kamala, which is eternal. This sounds so similar to Plato's doctrine of the idea of a thing. The chair I see before me, though impermanent, is only an embodiment of the idea of a perfect chair, which is eternal. That is what Plato believes.

PROPAGATION OF SOUND

The *Naiyāyikas*, who believe that sound is evanescent and lasts only for a few moments, have formulated two interesting theories regarding its propagation. The question is: How is sound, produced by, say, the beating of a drum at some distance, heard by us here? Sound is evanescent and it perishes as soon as it is produced. How then is it heard at a distance?

The first explanation of this is according to what is known as the *Vici-taraṅga-nyāya* or the maxim of the wave-ripple. In the case of water we find that when a wave is produced at a particular

place, it gives rise to another wave near-by and this to a third, and so on, so that the wave that reaches the shore is not the wave first produced, but the last of the series started by that first wave. Similarly the sound, created by the stick on the drum, produces another sound, which in its turn gives rise to a third until the last of the series reaches our ear and is heard by us.

This theory was found defective. It was observed that waves, such as those in a sea, travel in one direction only. Sound on the other hand is heard on all sides of the place where it is originally produced. To account for this phenomenon the *Naiyāyikas* started another explanation known as the *Kadamba-koraka-nyāya*.* According to Sanskrit poetical convention the Kadamba tree puts forth buds simultaneously on all sides at the thunder of clouds. Similarly sound, such as that of a drum, produces similar sounds in all the ten directions simultaneously and these travel on all sides according to the maxim of the wave-ripple. It will be noticed that the theory of propagation of sound according to the *Kadamba-koraka-nyāya* is nearer the truth.

A. B. GAJENDRAGADKAR

* सर्वः शब्दो नभोवृत्तिः श्रोत्रोत्पन्नस्तु गृह्यते ।
वीचीतरङ्गन्यायेन तदुत्पत्तिस्तु कीर्तिता ।
कदम्बकोरकन्यायादुत्पत्तिः कस्यचिन्मते ॥

TEMPTATION

[**Claude Houghton** is much in the public eye because of the appearance of his books—new editions as well as fresh output. In this article he writes on the phase of psychological experience common to all earnest aspirants who try to live nobly a life of discipline and of expression of virtue. Temptation is experienced only by those who heed the voice of conscience and who seek the light of soul-wisdom. As the shower cannot fructify the rock, so occult teaching has no effect upon the unreceptive mind. As the water develops the heat of caustic lime so does the teaching bring into fierce action every unsuspected potentiality latent in a man.—EDS.]

Until comparatively recently, every temptation was regarded as one of the many shadows cast by that melodramatic personage the Devil.

This is no longer possible, for the Devil has become as advanced as the age. He has abolished himself. It is his supreme achievement. The whole of his mesmeric and spectacular reign contains no triumph comparable with this abdication. It is his subtle acceptance of the fact that no one believes in him any longer. Were he to appear in traditional shape—cloven hoofs, horns, and a tail—modern people would not throw an inkstand at him; like Luther, they would merely laugh. But the Devil is very well aware of this fact. He's right up-to-date; he's kept abreast with the advance of modern science; he recognises that the old publicity methods are obsolete—and he's adapted himself to this Brave New World. He's become invisible. He's vanished into air—into thin air. It is difficult not to admire his strategy.

But despite this dramatic disappearance of the Devil, man continues to experience that state

of inner conflict signified by the word Temptation. The order and degree necessarily vary with each individual, but few would claim immunity from those sudden onslaughts which transform the inner life into an arena. As these mysterious invasions are no longer attributed to the Devil's malignity, it may be profitable to consider certain aspects of temptation in the hope that we shall establish its essential quality, and, possibly, discover clues to its origin.

First, it is suggested that a primary effect of temptation is to isolate us. We are withdrawn from the world of men and women and become, as it were, a stage in a dark theatre on which principalities and powers contend for the possession of our will. Often the deed to which we are urged—and the end proposed by every temptation is always the perpetration of a deed—may appear trivial if regarded from the rational level. But, for the one tempted, this is of all impossibilities the most impossible. The state of temptation exists only where there is an absolute belief that great issues are involved. Consequently the deed to which we

are urged cannot be viewed as an incident in time, for it is felt to be an event in destiny. To the rest of the world, it may seem trivial: to the one tempted, it is pregnant with significance. Hence his isolation.

It is, perhaps, impossible to over-emphasize the relativity of temptation. That which tempts one man is regarded by another as opportunity, and this fact must be faced resolutely in any attempt to generalize concerning the essential quality of temptation. That there is no universally recognized standard of good and evil has perplexed many thinkers, and driven others to despair, but it remains a fact—and one which is not to be circumvented by sophistry, or removed by passionate dogma. A nation's conception of God reveals the degree of spirituality attained. It is not possible for this conception to be identical with that of another nation, any more than it is possible for two men to possess precisely the same values concerning good and evil. No two mirrors on earth reflect the same objects from exactly the same angle. Every man glimpses the city of God from a unique standpoint.

Inner conflict and isolation, then, may be predicated of every type of temptation, but here generalization would appear to end. Nevertheless, it is also a fact that every temptation is in the nature of an *assault*, and it may be that the discovery of the citadel attacked—be its name

what it may—would provide another generalization and an important one.

It is suggested that, in every instance, this citadel is what man loves best. Temptation is an assault directed against an individual's holy of holies. It is a subtle inducement to deny what is held to be sacred. It would seem that this, and only this, explains the chaotic ferment created in the psychic being by the onslaught of temptation. What is most precious is being menaced. Pottage is being offered for the birthright. Craving and loyalty contend for the possession of the will. All is darkness, perplexity, commotion.

To surrender is to exchange reality for unreality—as the result of a deliberate and conscious choice. It is to dethrone one's god and to kneel to a usurper. It is to be guilty of profanation. And therefore, it is to enter the inferno of remorse.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows
well
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

But, it may well be asked, why is this assault possible? Revolutions do not occur in a well-ordered State. What is the origin of these insurgent desires which seduce the sentinels, capture the citadel, and make the will their ally or their slave? Whence comes their knowledge of the weakness of the defence? From what is their power derived? And how is it that, having triumphed—having created havoc, and left desolation—these desires can

return again to triumph anew? Why is it that Memory—in whose archives the vandalism of their many raids is recorded—is impotent to organize effective resistance against the next assault?

It was stated in an earlier paragraph that, in every instance, the citadel attacked was what a man loves best. To be free from temptation a man must love one thing *only*. The lives of the saints reveal an epic attempt to love only God. But, in most of us, there is a divided allegiance. There is the love which, normally, occupies the centre of our being (it is that for which we would sacrifice most) and there are lesser loves which, normally, inhabit the circumference. Temptation occurs when one of these peripheral loves seeks to storm and occupy the centre—to establish itself on the throne and to grasp the sceptre of the will.

We may know ourselves, therefore, by the order and degree of the temptations that assail us, for each reveals what we have loved or served. Pride may strive to convince us that we hate certain of these desires which subdue and humiliate us, but it is wisdom to recognize that it is we ourselves who—by perversity or the servitude of long custom—have given them the ascendancy which they exercise to our detriment. Often it is terrible to look upon that we have once served. It is, in fact, so terrible that frequently we elect to regard the apparition as a spectre from the pit rather

than acknowledge it as an aspect of ourselves. One of Nietzsche's most penetrating aphorisms is pertinent in this connection:—

"I did that," says my Memory. "I could not have done that," says my Pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually—the Memory yields.

Temptation, then, varies with each individual for no two men love precisely the same thing in exactly the same degree, but—in every instance—temptation is a state created by an assault on the central love. If the attack be repulsed, this central love becomes the more surely established, and therefore the better able to resist the next invasion. If the citadel be surrendered, it is the more vulnerable to the next attack. But, as a Spanish mystic discovered, surrender need not necessarily be wholly a loss. It can waken humility. "How many right feelings spring from the madness to which we are urged by the beast." The humiliation of surrender delivers us from the isolation of pride. It reminds us of our actual stature. It calls to remembrance that we can claim nothing as our own except our weakness. It blunts the arrows of our criticism. We return to our place in the ranks of humanity.

It is important to realize that the mere absence of temptation does not necessarily constitute a state of grace. A man may be below temptation. He may love nothing—in which case there will be no citadel to be attacked. Conflict is evidence of vitality,

for every conflict represents the warring of antagonistic beliefs. The serenity of that man who, loving one thing only, is free from temptation has nothing in common with the inertia of a man who, loving nothing, is incapable of experiencing inner conflict. Hence, possibly, the meaning of the phrase—"Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations."

We seek the Real. Always and everywhere that is our quest. We are in a world where nothing endures, where everything fades almost as soon as it is glimpsed, and amid the many deceptions of this ever-changing mirage, each of us, in his degree, seeks an image of the Eternal. And so it is that we love that best which seems most real to us. It may be a woman, it may be an art, it may be a cause—or it may be spirit. But, whatever it be, it gives us assurance of substance, of permanence—of something outside and above the shifting shows of time. What we love is God to us.

So, finally, we return to that malevolent personage, the Devil—

now travelling incognito in the realms of the invisible. He has gone the way of all symbols which have ceased to be significant. Nowadays, we do not regard him melodramatically. We no longer invest evil with the insignia of satanic sovereignty. We see it as something squalid, second-rate—a projection of our pride, lust, or avarice. It is our unreality. Our temptations are subtle inducements to deny that which it is life to affirm. While we love one thing best, and not one thing only, these inner conflicts are inevitable, for each love contends for the full and undisputed possession of the will.

It is wiser to regard temptations as charlatans rather than ambassadors from Satan. It is more honest to recognize that their power over us is derived from our weakness. We have taken their bribes and therefore have become their accomplices. It is saner to see in them those aspects of ourselves which we deny. Then they will shrink to human proportions and, perhaps—finally—dwindle to shadows.

CLAUDE HOUGHTON

Beware, Lanoo, lest dazzled by illusive radiance thy Soul should linger and be caught in its deceptive light. This light shines from the jewel of the Great Ensnarer, (Mara). The senses it bewitches, blinds the mind and leaves the unwary an abandoned wreck.

—THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE

THE POWER OF POETRY IN THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE

[E. Merrill Root, Lecturer at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana, U. S. A., is the author of two volumes of verse, *Lost Eden*, and *Bow of Burning Gold*.—EDS.]

The passing of life is like the ceaseless flow of a brook—merely so much water running to the sea. But across life, as across the brook, fall images of beauty that fill the lapsing flow with form and colour: birches, like snow that even summer cannot melt; fantastic mountains of the restless clouds; cool freckled stars of woodlilies and tracery of ferns; the shadows of strolling lovers . . . Thus upon the hurried flow of time, struggling onward toward the sea's illusive permanence (for the end is but the origin), falls the image of abiding beauty. Eternity is not after, but within, time.

Something like that, I think, is the relation of poetry to the struggle of life.

For poetry is art inducing time to realize eternity. All spiritual geniuses know, by direct experience, that eternity is the present tense of time—the great *I Am*. But they can communicate this, with all its atmosphere, only if they are (in the widest sense) poets. For the function of poetry is not only to reveal eternity in perishing and passing things, but to make it credible and persuasive by the witness of beauty. Like waters troubled into fretful noise our temporal lives plunge downward toward the illusion of death, and until we awaken to eternal

life we think this lapsing flow and blind hurry of the waters is all: but it is not so; and (thanks to poetry) we can know it, and realize the azure mirrored heaven, or the idle music of a cascade, or the rainbow architecture of the frolic foam,—eternal amid transience. Then, wise with that illumination, we change the struggle of life into the mastery of life.

Too often, alas, we are like some man on a park bench by a lake, his mind intent on action and acquisition, his thoughts still full of expediences and ambitions. But it may be that even into the vision of the lowered and vacant eyes of such a man, suddenly a white swan will drift, its calm beauty mirrored in the even calmer beauty of its shadow. Like that white swan upon that black water, so poetry (if we will but see) hovers upon the waters of time.

We hear great poetry, and life is forever changed. It is not that poetry teaches us—for teaching is still the technique of time: rather, like light which tells us nothing but by which we see all things, poetry comes to us with the white shock of incredible revelation. We listen to great poets, and we see that second light which is beyond the light of the sun. And *sub specie æternitatis* the struggle for existence is

not what it was : it is understood, it is purged by pity and terror, it is widened to a new dimension of being. Action and acquisition, expediences and ambitions, propaganda and science and controversy, are like the wind which is the earth's own narrow atmosphere, blowing things obviously and violently to and fro but changing little; poetry is like the sunlight which shines in unshaken quiet across that wind, bringing life to corn and rose.

Poetry, which is the oblique light of eternity, makes the great transvaluation of values. It transfigures the struggle of life, from its basis in earth to its height in the spirit. In the dullness and the dreary-go-round of the day by day, it opens magic casements on the perilous foam of beauty and the mystery and miracle of shores undreamed of in the world's philosophy. It brings a renaissance of wonder; a sense of the many mansions; a feeling of a fathomless universe. And it does so by revealing magic in the simplest things—music.

Soft as a bubble sung
Out of a linnet's lung—

the minnows that, forgetting the
struggle in their vital joy,

Ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight—

the sunset

Where ships of purple gently toss
On seas of daffodil.

Through such poetry of Nature,
as Wordsworth says,

With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy
We see into the life of things.

And all the poets who realise

the latency of the infinite within the physical world serve us in the same way, and set our feet upon the first mile of the Great Path. And for the second mile, poetry reveals eternity within the depth and height of the human spirit also, and every

Wondrous thing
A man may be 'twixt ape and Plato.

So Shakespeare, so Browning, so in a different way Blake and Whitman. And poetry goes higher still, into the intimate mysteries of the shadow and the light, from that finite ocean of darkness and death which George Fox saw, up to that infinite ocean of love and of light which he saw above it. Poetry knows life "a dome of many-coloured glass" staining "the white radiance of eternity". Poetry knows, like Lear (his life lifted above hope and fear and desire and death), how to take upon it "the mystery of things" and be one of "God's spies". We hear such words,—varied from the realization of the physical world "innumerable of stains and splendid dyes," up to the white, highest, blinding intuitions and experiences of the spirit—and the struggle of life is changed, as Domremy was changed by the life of Joan of Arc, or Jerusalem by the passion of Jesus.

And once we have experienced great poetry we are,—in the only credible sense,—beyond good and evil. For, seen from eternity, is not tragedy the most divine of comedies? In the second light of great poetry, King Lear "fantastically dressed in wild-flowers,"

wandering in the misery of madness, is nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than the proud and foolish Lear who cursed his daughter. Death itself, and the transience of the world, with this second light upon them, are beautiful: "After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well". . . "We are such stuff as dreams are made on" . . . Great kings in their misery sad, are raised by poetry into a tragic joy, a tragic greatness, as when Achilles said to Priam, "Thou too, I hear, wast in the old time happy." The poignance of lost youth, even in the pessimist's despite, becomes good: "Yet Ah that Spring should vanish with the rose!" is the very affirmation and eternity of Spring. Poetry purges us of vulgar

sadness; poetry lifts us above the fever and the fret of men; poetry says: "Be of good cheer: in me you overcome the world." All things, lifted into poetry, are—beyond good and evil—*great*.

A secular and worldly age understands poetry and religion least, and needs poetry and religion most. It does not understand them, and it needs them, because they are the finite reaching up for the infinite, the infinite bending down to the finite. When we follow poetry, it is as if, some early evening, we approached a tree on a hilltop, and thought we saw apples hanging on its branches, and climbed for them . . . only to find them—*stars*!

E. MERRILL ROOT

That ancient seer [Kavi Purana] which the Gita and the Mahabharata mention as abiding in the breast of each, is first a prophet and poet; then he falls asleep, and awakes as a blindfold logician and historian, without materials for reasoning, or a world for events, but groping towards them; next a painter, with an ear for inward phantasmal music too; at last a sculptor carving out hard, palpable solidities. Hence the events destined to occur in this outer world can never be either foreshown or represented with complete exactitude in the sphere of dreams, but must be translated into its pictorial and fantastical language.

But besides this dim, prophetic character, referring to isolated events in time, thy dream, like all other dreams, has a more universal and enduring significance, setting forth, as it does, in a series of vivid symbols, a crowd of spiritual truths and allegories that are eternally true to the human soul.—*The Dream of Ravan*.

EQUALITY

[J. D. Beresford's ideas, herein presented, if pushed to their logical conclusions, would mean the introduction of a "caste-system" on a pure and true basis. Is the western civilization spiralling to the position which made it necessary in ancient India to form the four great castes in due recognition of the four divisions of the Human Kingdom, to which the *Gita* refers in the fourth and the eighteenth discourses ?—EDS.]

In the broad phases of historical development as it is known to us from literature over a course of some 6,000 years, there has been no period that offers any true analogy to the conditions of the present day. The most obvious reason for this is the extraordinary progress made during the last hundred years, in ease of communication. But it is with results and not with causes that we are concerned in this article, and, among many results, more particularly with one only, namely, the movement towards the claim for equality.

There are two main aspects of this claim, religious and political, or social. The first, judged by the standard of the Christian Churches, is theoretical rather than practical. Starting from the assumption that "all men are equal in the sight of God," the Church proceeds to demonstrate that men are anything but equal in the sight of the Priest; since the very office of Priesthood constitutes a claim to superiority, by its division of humanity into the two classes of teachers and disciples. Some sects, most notably the Society of Friends, have recognised this inherent contradiction and sought to remedy it

in their methods of worship, but for the Christian Church as a whole that primal assumption of equality has very little influence in the practice either of its priests or its congregations.

In its second, political or social, aspect, however, the gospel of equality has gained enormously in influence during the last couple of generations. As a political doctrine, socialism, once regarded as revolutionary, is now criticised by the extreme left of communism as nothing more than an economic and bourgeois remedy for the world-disease of poverty; while the general principles of Democracy are now so well established that it is hard to believe that they have ever been in dispute,—although the first English Reform Bill reached its centenary only last year.

This movement due to the spread of education, enormously aided in turn by the proliferation of cheap newspapers, has produced the phenomenon of "class-consciousness". The gospel of Rousseau and his followers from Tom Paine onwards, that every man has equal rights, is now, with ever diminishing qualifications, accepted as an axiom. And at the present moment two of

the great countries of Europe are ruled despotically one by the son of a blacksmith and the other by the Georgian bandit, Djugashvili, who will be known to history as Stalin; while England's Premier was born a member of the working-classes and gained his present position by his own virtues and effort, without the influence of either wealth or patronage.

If then we could draw any general inference from the astonishingly rapid advance made by the broad gospel of Equality in so short a time, it would surely be that the tendency of world development was in the direction of some form of socialism, collectivism or communism, founded on the principle that men are all born equal and must have equal rights. Moreover, we should be tempted to prophesy further, that by extension the principle would lead to the negation of nationalism, and that in some not too far distant future the whole civilised world would be approaching the ideal of one of those Wellsian Utopias which prefigure the generosities and liberation of a Golden Age.

Finally in this connection is it not the great accepted principle of the Theosophical Movement to work towards a Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or colour? And does not that principle imply an effort towards the eradication of all those handicaps imposed by birth in present social and economic conditions?

And yet, although we must give

unqualified assent to those two last questions and are able to draw but one deduction from the recent trend of social evolution, we have to face what I regard as an insuperable obstacle to the attainment of a condition in which there can be anything more than equality of opportunity among men.

For if we may attempt the difficult task of making some kind of summary of the movement of life on this planet so far as we have any knowledge of it, one tremendous and unequivocal process immediately confronts us. This process is that of an unceasing struggle which can serve its purpose only by working upon the *differences* between individuals, between species, or between nations. From all the evidence we have of the working of evolution we must grant—whatever may be our particular theory with regard to its various stages and the generating force behind them—that no such development would have been possible if every member of succeeding generations had been born precisely alike. Biologists have long puzzled over this curiosity, and failed utterly to account for it, but none would deny that there are, and must always have been, fundamental and intrinsic variations between the individuals of each family, whether in the vegetable or the animal world. And if we desired to make a perfectly safe generalisation with regard to life from its simplest to its most complicated developments, it would be by

saying that no two aggregations of cells were precisely equal in every respect.*

In the simpler forms of life, these differentiations become increasingly difficult to detect as we work our way back towards the most primitive cell aggregates. Indeed, it is a matter of inference rather than of observation that one amoeba differs from another. But when we pass from the vegetable and animal kingdoms to human life, the claim that "nature" never repeats a particular pattern cannot be confuted. Even in the nearest approximation to such a repetition, the case of "identical" twins,—entities assumed to have sprung from a single ovum,—there are always easily recognisable differences between the two children.

So far, however, we have taken count only of purely physical considerations, and interesting and important as these undoubtedly are they furnish no more than a means of approach to the far more important question of the essential differences between one human being and another. (Any account of the relation of the spiritual and physical make-up of man would necessitate too long a parenthesis in this place. But I have assumed the Theosophical explanation of various problems in heredity, namely the pre-eminently reasonable suggestion that the re-incarnating ego is drawn to a particular environment, a particular embryo,

by the influence of a sympathetic attraction exercised by the psychic emanations of the parents.)

Have we, then, a right to assume that not alone the physical body of one human being differs essentially from that of any other, but, also, the expression of that immortal principle within him which we recognise as the true Ego? No Theosophist would hesitate to answer this question in the affirmative. If we accept the principle of the Pilgrim Soul, of a spiritual evolution attained by individual effort through countless experiences and re-incarnations, we must accept, also, the inevitable *sequitur* that the world about us is peopled by those whose egos cover an enormous range of spiritual development. Sometimes it may happen that a soul is confined within a defective physical envelope incapable of giving it the expression proper to its stage of development. But speaking broadly we must assume that there is a very close correspondence between the almost infinite variety of abilities, virtues, tendencies, potentialities, we find in human beings, and the stage of development attained by the generating ego.

It is impossible, in our present state of knowledge, to trace this correspondence to its source, to assert that such and such a person must have had certain experiences in past lives which find expression

* It may be that the recent deductions of the physicists, based on Heisenberg's principle of Indeterminacy, which attributes a certain amount of "play" to the electron, will ultimately lead to the conclusion that this tendency to variation is a fundamental characteristic of all matter,

in his, or her, present character. We must, for instance, assume that the lessons learnt in earlier incarnations may be either permanent or impermanent in their effects upon consequent lives. But we can affirm without fear of contradiction, on the one hand, that animalism, cruelty, hatred, lack of sensitivity and sympathy, are characteristic of the young soul, and on the other that spirituality, love of humanity, the urgent desire to conquer the animal desires mark the advancing stage of those who have benefited by a long series of incarnations. At the furthest extreme we recognise the few, the Masters and Adepts who have attained to a fuller consciousness, and are able to draw upon the inexhaustible fount of the Inner Wisdom. That they should be so few in number indicates the fact that this world is at present only as yet in the earlier stages of its spiritual evolution.

To summarise this brief statement of belief with regard to the quality of man and his relation to himself and to the world, what we have done is to show that there is a constitutional tendency to variation throughout the universe, a tendency possibly inherent in the very nature of matter. From that we infer that progression, evolution is only made possible by the struggle which is the inevitable consequence of this variation. Finally we have suggested that this struggle becomes the vehicle whereby the "Pilgrim Soul" may win its way through

the differentiation that represents pain and conflict back to that state of Perfect Unity which is the peace beyond all understanding of Nirvana.

Let us return now to our opening statement with regard to the contention that in a perfect state all men would have equal rights, and demand first if that is conceivably possible and secondly if it would be even desirable.

The first question has answered itself. In this stage of our evolution, men are born so far differentiated that the gap which separates the Adept from the savage, (civilised or otherwise), is infinitely greater than the gap that separates the savage from the higher animals. The fact that the gap is bridgeable in the former case and, with possibly very rare exceptions, not in the other has no relevance in this connection. The conclusion with which we are confronted is that of all living creatures man is the only one in whom the divergence between individuals becomes so great that it constitutes a difference in kind. How then can we possibly admit that men are born equal, or with still greater force that we should accord them equal rights? Can the spiritually minded, those who have advanced and are advancing in their pilgrimage, be ruled or taught by those who are either in the earliest stages of soul discipline and experience, or, worse still, in a stage of retrogression? We have to face the fact that whatever his potentiality for development, no man can realise

more than a fraction of it in a single incarnation. We have to realise that the caste system of India is justified in differentiating between degrees of holiness, and that in the Western world we should be sinning against a great spiritual principle if we delegated the powers of government to the control of those who have had little spiritual experience. (In passing it may be well to note that it is this lack of spirituality which must ultimately wreck the Bolshevik rule in Russia.)

Finally, we must ask ourselves how these conclusions can be made to accord with that first principle of Theosophy quoted in our sixth paragraph? The answer to that will be found in any number of THE ARYAN PATH. Our way to development through

the conflict and agonies of this world of illusions, is by the paths of self-discipline and of love. It is our duty and progressively it will become our pleasure to help the "living Dead," those who are ignorant of the Esoteric truths and Wisdom, not less than those who are our fellow pilgrims. But we shall not serve our own purpose nor that of the world at large by blinding ourselves to the truth that men are born unequal and in chains (to reverse Rousseau's dictum), the chains being those we ourselves have forged in our earlier lives; and that "a man is priest or prince, a slave or a servant, not because of birth into a particular family or group, but because of the qualities of his heart, the capacities of his head the efficiency of his hands."

J. D. BERESFORD

आत्मौपम्येन सर्वत्र समं पश्यति योऽर्जुन ।

सुखं वा यदि वा दुःखं स योगी परमो मतः ।

—श्रीमद्भगवद्गीता.

He, O Arjuna, who by the similitude found in himself seeth but one essence in all things, whether they be evil or good, is considered to be the most excellent devotee.

—BHAGAVAD-GITA, VI, 32

THE DOCTRINE OF WILL IN SHAKESPEARE

[John Middleton Murry points out that fate or determinism and free-will or self-determination are not opposites but are complementaries. This is the old teaching of the Law of Karma. Two horses these—which draw the car of evolution. When man is a slave to one, he is slave to both; when he conquers destiny, he is no more free, for he is but a channel of Universal Forces. Human evolution proceeds by self-devised and self-induced ways, but always checked by Karma, till man becomes Karma-less, *i.e.*, an Impersonal Force for Universal Beneficence. Following the article we give an extract bearing on the ideas of our esteemed contributor on “men of destiny.”—EDS.]

Two familiar quotations from Shakespeare appear to bear directly upon the question of the will. First, Cassius' words to Brutus:

Men at some time are masters of their fates :
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

The second Iago's indoctrination of the reluctant Roderigo.

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce... why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will.

They seem at first sight to be categorical. Are we to conclude that Shakespeare was asserting the doctrine of complete individual freedom?

In the first place, it is always dangerous, and always unwarrant-

able, to impute to an author the opinions of his dramatic characters; and second, in both these particular cases, Shakespeare has applied his own corrective. Not when Cassius chides Brutus, far less when Iago lectures Roderigo, can we look for the pure sentiment of Shakespeare. Cassius and Roderigo are both contrivers (though one is noble, the other base) seeking to persuade another to the action they themselves desire. What could be more natural, for what could be more persuasive, than an appeal to the vanity of their victims? For, indeed, the doctrine of free-will, as enunciated by these interested moralists, is a doctrine of egotism.

Mark further: what is it that Cassius has to overcome in Brutus, by his appeal to free-will? Brutus' love of Caesar. And what has Iago to overcome in Roderigo? His desire to escape his hopeless love for Desdemona by death. These obstacles to the plans of Cassius and Iago come from the noblest elements in their victims' characters. The doctrine of free-will is used to undermine the scruple of nobility. Iago, of course, is the past-master at this

devilish game. Whereas Cassius is a noble fanatic, he is the mystery of iniquity itself. His agile brain utterly confuses poor Roderigo. First, in response to Roderigo's lament that his virtue is not of power enough to quench his hapless love, Iago assures him that it is a question of the will merely. Precisely thus might an austere moralist seek to stiffen the fibre of a weakling. But Iago turns it all to the devil's purpose. Poor Roderigo's genuine love-passion is degraded into "a lust of the blood and a permission of the will". Roderigo's timid soul is outraged: "It cannot be." But Iago overwhelms him.

So, in these two famous instances, Shakespeare gives the doctrine of free-will to the tempter. It is a potent weapon in the devil's armoury. Are we then to rush to the conclusion that Shakespeare believed that "it is *not* in ourselves that we are thus, or thus"? That would be extravagant. Nor does the truth lie in between these contrary positions. It belongs to a different order. And the order in which the truth concerning Shakespeare is to be sought is expressed by the still more famous words of a character in whom, all serious critics are agreed, an approximation to Shakespeare's own nature may be found.

Let us know

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall : and that should

teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will.

There is, I think, the gist of

Shakespeare's own counter to the doctrine of Iago. It does not belong to the realm of the old and sterile controversy between Free-will and Determinism, at all. The doctrine of Free-will, as enunciated by Iago, is the mere instrument of an overweening egotism. "I have it in my power"—such is the conviction of Iago—"to do what *I* will." Hamlet is far beyond this futile posturing ; this incipient megalomania. For the deep plots of the finite mind he has contempt. It is the unwilled, spontaneous action which is indeed creative.

In short behind Hamlet's words is a *religious* awareness. Hence they have taken root so deep in the general memory, and become part of the religious wisdom of the English race, which welcomes these poetic expressions of an unformulated and unformulable faith. The conscious will in man, says Hamlet, can shape but the rough outline of a life ; the form, the final reality, is shaped by a deeper power. But in their context, Hamlet's words say more than this : behind them is concealed a fragment of the self-knowledge of the great artist who conceived him. It is a subtle assertion of the supremacy of "inspiration". What Shakespeare knows as a poet, Hamlet declares as a man of action. And the correspondence which all great critics of Shakespeare, from Coleridge to Bradley, have sensed between Hamlet and Shakespeare is due, in the main, to the fact that Hamlet thinks like an artist,

and like a great artist. It is not that we can know, except dimly, how the mind of Shakespeare worked; it is that our expectation would not be disappointed if we were to know that it worked like Hamlet's mind. There is no other character in the whole of Shakespeare's work of whom that can be said.

The religious awareness that is half-hidden and half-expressed in Hamlet's words is the religious awareness of a great artist. He, more than other men, knows the reality and the creative virtue of the condition of selflessness. "As for the Poetic character," said Keats, in whom we may surely look for the elements of Shakespeare's composition, "it is not itself, it has no Self." And this is true. The true creative condition is one of selfless spontaneity, when man becomes the perfect instrument of the obscure utterance of Life. His will is in abeyance, his egoistic self-consciousness fades away: because he is the vehicle of a new creation.

Nor is this condition the peculiar privilege of the artist, as such. The artist, in this respect, is but a particular example of the religious man. Imagine that selfless condition of the artist, which is attained by him when he is an artist indeed, no longer confined to the creation of art itself, but expanded until it suffuses the total activities of a man. Such a man would be a wholly religious man. He would be incessantly the instrument of God's will, for he would live in a condition

of pure and uncorrupted spontaneity. Not one of his acts would be his own, yet every one of them would be perfectly individual: not in the barren sense of "individual," that is, different from others', but in the positive sense of the word, wherein "individual" means "pure and purely creative". Such a condition, of complete religiousness, we can ourselves only imagine; towards such a condition, we may be sure, the remembered religious leaders have approximated. Of such a condition, the selflessness of the great artist is premonitory and symbolic. Our name for those whom we recognise to have advanced a perceptible degree towards this condition is "men of destiny".

They may be prophets, poets, statesmen, warriors, revolutionaries; but all alike are distinguished from the mass of men by this half-evident quality of "selflessness," this capacity of becoming an instrument for the obscure creative urge of life. They are greater than themselves; they speak with authority, and not as the scribes; they act with creative power, and not by pattern or memory: yet their power derives from some kind of obedience, not from any self-will. To this order of men Shakespeare manifestly belonged. He was the supreme artist-type of this kind of creative men. But art, in the ordinary sense of the word, is only one single mode of creativeness. Creativeness utters itself in other ways: in the government of

a nation, in the rhythm of sequestered individual life, in the conduct of war, in the discovery of a new invention, in the scriptures of a new religion. But in all these modes of the creative life, the doctrine of Hamlet holds good, because it derives from the creativeness which it seeks to define.

And because it derives from the self-knowledge of a creative man, it glides sinuously between the rocky opposites of Free-will and Determinism. It knows, by instinct, that these two are but the contradictory half-truths with which men, in whom the creative flow of life has ebbed to a trickle, make ghostly war on one another. Shakespeare gives the doctrine of Free-will to lower natures as a snare with which they may entangle higher ones into rash and fatal enterprises. And however varied may be the grounded opinions of the nature of Shakespeare's life-wisdom, I believe that no man into whom the work of Shakespeare has entered would deny that one element of it was the intuitive conviction that men are *not* masters of their fate. That conviction is knit into the most intimate substance of Shakespeare's tragedy. But neither are men the blind puppets of destiny, nor the victims of malignant chance. Indeed, Shakespearean tragedy is, more than anything else, a simple passing beyond this false and mechanical dilemma. It tells us that though men are not masters of the events of circumstance by which their

lives are hedged, they are masters of the inward quality of their lives: and somehow, this inward quality of the human life is more important than all outward circumstance. The important thing is not that a man is triumphant, or defeated, but that he should be "heroic": obedient, come what may, to the deepest promptings of his soul. Hence, the Shakespearean hero is always "passionate" on some level or other; he is never egotistic, never coldly calculating. His passion may be, as it is in Hamlet, united with a plenitude of intellectual consciousness, or, as in Othello, with very little intellectual consciousness (who can imagine Hamlet taken in by Iago's trick with the handkerchief?): but, essentially, they belong all to the same order—for better or worse, they are warm, spontaneous, big men; majestic or delicate beings, replete with animal grace, caught in the world's great snare. They may be fools, but they are glorious; they go out like fiery flames in sudden darkness, not like a feeble match-light guttering into gloom.

Hamlet is no exception: it is merely that he is more delicately organised. Into his passionate spontaneity consciousness itself has to be fused. The instant action is not for him, save at the moment of supreme crisis; and then he is quick as sudden incandescence. To no final avail, indeed, in the eyes of men. But what of that? He has been himself, and not himself. He has manifested Energy after his kind,

and been the vehicle of God—even a prophet of the Lord. For a whole epoch of the Western consciousness was to find itself mirrored in him.

The secret of Shakespeare's morality is spontaneity. That is admirable and lovely to him. And spontaneity has nothing to do with free-will. Free-will is a doctrine framed by the ego, to justify the ego: and so is determinism. Determinism is the ego run mad, enforcing its finite schematism upon the infinite of

life. Shakespeare believed in neither. How could he? If ever a great man's work were the outcome of spontaneity, deriving from beneath and beyond the ego, it was his. He knew, by immediate experience, that "the poetic character is not itself: it has no Self"; and he knew also that the poetic character, in its purity, is a type of richest living. Therefore his heroes are like him: they also have no Selves; they are neither determined nor free. They are Life.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

Great Genius, therefore, if true and innate, and not merely an abnormal expansion of our human intellect—can never copy or condescend to imitate, but will ever be original, *sui generis* in its creative impulses and realizations. Like those gigantic Indian lilies that shoot out from the clefts and fissures of the cloud-nursing, and bare rocks on the highest plateaux of the Nilgiri Hills, true Genius needs but an opportunity to spring forth into existence and blossom in the sight of all on the most arid soil, for its stamp is always unmistakable. To use a popular saying, innate genius, like murder, will out sooner or later, and the more it will have been suppressed and hidden, the greater will be the flood of light thrown by the sudden irruption. On the other hand artificial genius, so often confused with the former, and which in truth is but the outcome of long studies and training, will never be more than, so to say, the flame of a lamp burning outside the portal of the fane; it may throw a long trail of light across the road, but it leaves the inside of the building in darkness. . . . Thus between the true and the artificial genius, one born from the light of the immortal Ego, the other from the evanescent will-o'-the-wisp of the terrestrial or purely human intellect and the animal soul, there is a chasm, to be spanned only by him who aspires ever onward; who never loses sight, even when in the depths of matter, of that guiding star the Divine Soul and mind, or what we call *Buddhi-Manas*.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY, *Lucifer*, November 1889

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

ACCORDING TO RABINDRANATH TAGORE

[**Humbert Wolfe** is a mystic and poet as well as a satirist and a literary historian. As the Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour, he is also a man of affairs.—EDS.]

The republication after more than twenty years of the lectures delivered by Rabindranath Tagore at Bolpur affords an opportunity of reconsidering his general ethical system. Emphasis should be laid at the outset on the word "ethical" because Tagore is not in the ordinarily accepted meaning of the term a metaphysician. He does not, that is to say, begin by facing the difficulties of cognition, and by proceeding thence to review conduct in the light of the limits imposed by that review on the possibility of reaching a firm conclusion. His attitude, like that of Shaftesbury and the other English empiricists, is rather to take the validity of knowledge for granted. Thus, for example, when in the course of these beautiful and most moving discourses he contemplates the problem of evil he hardly glances at the preliminary problem of error. Yet for the metaphysician error is a more stubborn dilemma than evil. For, if we can explain the possibility of error without necessarily abandoning the likelihood of truth, we are in a fair way to accept evil without excommunicating good.

We must, therefore, address our minds to Tagore's teaching,

not in the hope of having epistemological puzzles solved, but rather as to the exposition of a faith in terms of one of the sweetest minds that ever married belief to reason. Nor is this a reflection upon Tagore. If we read the works of one of the Christian Fathers we do not, and should not, expect a disquisition on Plato's "to ti ên einai" nor on Aristotle's *Metaphysics Gamma*. We take it for granted that they start from the basis of the revealed doctrine of Christ, and that their effort is to interpret the gospel and not either to question it or to provide it with a new metaphysical basis. So it is with Tagore in his exposition of the *Upanishads*. Tagore himself says in his brief preface that—

To me the verses of the *Upanishads* and the teachings of Buddha have ever been things of the spirit, and therefore endowed with boundless vital growth; and I have used them, both in my own life and in my preaching, as being instinct with individual meaning for me, as for others, and awaiting for their confirmation, my own special testimony, which must have its value because of its individuality.

We must, therefore, approach *Sādhana* as a commentary, an all but inspired commentary,

* *Sādhana*. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co., London. 3s. 6d.)

upon one of the great Faiths of mankind. From that angle we cannot criticize it: so nobly, with such ecstatic wisdom is it written. We can only recapitulate its main outlines, believing that at no time in history was Faith more endangered and more urgently needed for the salvation of Man.

There are here eight lectures in all, and though Tagore himself would indignantly deny that they cover more than the fringe of his subject, to a Westerner they seem to express the whole matter and to seal it with effortless loveliness of utterance. The main thesis throughout is the dichotomy between self and the world, self and the soul, self and beauty, self and the Universe and self and God. The teaching of the Upanishads on all these oppositions is the same, and might without complete falsehood be summarized in the saying "What shall it profit a man to win the whole world and lose his soul?" In the first lecture Tagore discusses the relation of the individual to the universe. He points out that in the West there had been a tendency to treat Nature as the enemy, in the East she is the first and last a friend. He does not mean by that, nor do the Upanishads mean, that we are to yield to the animal in ourselves and rejoice in the apparently chaotic processes of death and decay. He means that the attitude of Wordsworth is the true attitude, the ability to establish unity between the mind of man and the mind of the world, and

so to extend both in unity. He would not, like the amiable Professor Irving Babbitt, regard such an attitude as "going out and mixing oneself up with the landscape." He would say rather "our birth is but a dream and a forgetting" and that, if we wish to dream the dream true, we must tax our memories to the utmost and go back to that place where there is the unity from which Nature and the individual proceed—the Karma-yoga.

If then we accept this preliminary doctrine we proceed on an orderly basis to the consideration of soul-consciousness. Here we are taught that in so far as we hoard our own soul we waste it. In the exquisite image used by Tagore we are like the oil in a lamp before it is kindled. Only when the oil burns into light and, therefore, communicates and is about the Father's business of illumination, do we find ourselves. Love of children, and of lovers is a step on the way, but the steps slope through darkness to the love of all things, and so, of God. Obviously, however, the question of evil cannot be avoided. Is not, the logician asks, the mere existence of evil the destruction of the system which depends for its truth on the extension of good. To this the Upanishads answer not, as Tennyson vaguely hinted, that evil is somehow good, but that evil is part of good in the heavenly counterpoint. Evil, on the one hand, is but an incident in the universal progress. On the other it is as necessary to good as

the measure of the brightness of day is to the darkness of night. We must accept the dictation of sorrow and pain as a means of release into the serenity where, both being transcended, we are not merely no longer at the mercy of either, but are enriched by their conquest.

This brings us to the problem of self, and here Tagore is at pains to refute a widely prevalent conception both here and in India as to the true meaning of Nirvāna. It is true, say the Upanishads, that we must surrender self, but not by extinction. We must not lose it but extend it into the unity of the universal self. "Mukti," which is deliverance from evil, is not self-destruction: it is to prevail over māyā, the appearance which springs from "avidyā". In other words Nirvāna so far from being non-existence is intense existence in the most athletic cleanliness of sheer being. It is the death of ignorance, but it is the risen body of the lord of Truth.

Hence it is but a step to love as the law of Unity, and action as the realization of love. The Upanishads, unlike the Fakirs, do not believe that the Way is to bend the head and let evil sweep by on the whirlwind. It is part of the

privilege of love to work, to be and to suffer for it. "This" as Browning sweetly said, "is the same soul. Can thy soul know change?". It cannot. East and West acceptance is more eager, more active, and more burningly alive than refusal. Buddha accepts for all His world, and those who follow Him can only do so at the price of an acceptance, even if that implies death in the body.

It will be seen that all that has been attempted here is to give a halting summary of what a Mahatma—for Tagore if any man deserves the title—has written. It would be as idle to bring metaphysical question to a superb rendering of the Upanishads as it would be to apply the principles of Kant to the Sermon on the Mount. All that it becomes the commentator to say is that here with the faultless diction of great poetry, the Faith which has led half the Eastern world to light is interpreted with the lucidity of the moon on water. In the luminous tenderness of that exposition we may all not only learn much, but this most of all—to re-examine our own faiths. They will be the stronger and the finer if they emerge unshaken from that test.

HUMBERT WOLFE

HERITAGES IN THE MELTING POT*

[Dr. Kalidas Nag of Calcutta University is the Editor of *India and the World*, the organ of the Greater India Society.—EDS.]

For the last few years the students of human history, no less than the reading public, have been treated to "legacies" and "heritages" of the different nations. Proprietary instinct of individuals as well as of communities is proverbial, and from time to time, therefore, are published "balance sheets" of national assets and liabilities. Economic interpretation of history is at least as old as the *Wealth of Nations*, that classical work of Adam Smith, coming from the end of the eighteenth century in the wake of Industrial Revolution. Now in our days, not only the material but the spiritual assets of nations are being evaluated under the urge of a conscious, unconscious or semi-conscious sense of *economy*. What is my heritage? What are my legacies? What are the advantages accruing therefrom? What part of my assets can I utilise in this present age? What amount of my national asset can I convert into liquid wealth intensifying our national as well as our international commerce? Such are the questions which are being asked by every nation to-day, both from the point of view of material as well as spiritual relations.

Dr. Kenneth Saunders, a liberal Christian missionary directing the

Pacific School of Religion, has taken upon himself the task of the "Chief Valuer" of the Asiatic Property Trust Limited, composed of three leading partners, India, China and Japan. The function of the valuer, it is needless to say, is both difficult and delicate, often involving summary judgments, capricious awards and, in places, unequal evaluation. Luckily, Dr. Saunders has given up the precarious method of evaluating the heritages of non-Christian nations simply to prove that these past heritages can find their fulfilment in Christianity. Such an attitude is neither historical nor rational; for Christianity itself, as a heritage, is being severely examined to-day by Christian individuals and denominations from the point of view of an utilitarianism which is very modern and certainly not a hundred per cent Christian. Dr. Saunders prefers the path of objective, as opposed to subjective, evaluation, and consequently he has succeeded in bringing out an eminently readable, sympathetic and inspiring study, *The Heritage of Asia*. His personal contact with the lands and the peoples discussed in the book helped him to discriminate the chaff from the grain, and his comparative study of the three great civilisations from the Middle and the

* *The Heritage of Asia*. By Kenneth Saunders. (Macmillan Co., New York. \$ 1.75)

Hinduism To-day. By D. S. Sarma. (Ganesh and Co., Madras. Re. 1/8)

Neo Hinduism. By D. V. Athalye. (D. B. Taraporevala Sons & Co., Bombay. Rs. 5, 8 as.)

Far East will be read with great interest and profit. The original texts in English translation at the end of the book, we are sure, will heighten the interest of the readers. A believing Christian as he is, the author could not help reading Christian influence on national leaders like Gandhi, Hu Shih and Kagawa. But to the majority of cultured nationals the Rise of the Christian Power in the East (as sketched by the late Major B. D. Basu of Allahabad, India) appears more as a factor humiliating the self-respect of the Asiatic nations rather than stimulating their spiritual and cultural aspirations. Christian *power* and Christian *ethics* are in tragic clash to-day on the field of human spiritual consciousness and, as dominating nations, the Christians have the greater responsibility of preaching and practising humility and charity, the noblest legacies of Jesus Christ whom Asia adores as one of her great sons and sages. The heritages of the Asiatic nations are found wanting here and there according to the modern valuation; the Occidentals and the Church Christians no less would be found wanting in many respects; and that explains why most of the great mass movements of the non-Christian communities are following the path of *national* transvaluation of values rather than of a supra-national or international church organisation.

Hinduism To-day, by Prof. D. S. Sarma, one of the most lucid and stimulating writers on philosophical subjects from South

India, is a work composed in a different key, that of national self-assertion against unhistorical and ungenerous attack of ill-informed Christian theologians upon Hindu religious systems and practices. The following passage will illustrate our point, coming as it does from a sober Hindu philosopher analysing the assumptions of a German Protestant philosopher, Rudolf Otto, the author of *Christianity and the Indian Religion of Grace* :

After giving a short account of the *Bhakti* movements in India the author proceeds to compare Indian Theism with Christian Theism and comes, of course, to the conclusion that the latter is far superior to the former. But what takes our breath away is his warning to Indian Christians that they should not fall into the error of Sadhu Sundar Singh and accord to the *Gita* and other *Bhakti* literature of India a place even secondary to that of the *New Testament*, or a rank even equivalent to that of the *Old Testament*. This is distinctly a slap in the face of those patriotic and pious Christians of India, who are honestly trying to correlate the religion of Christ with the spiritual traditions of their ancient land and see whether a type of Eastern Christianity could not assimilate as much of Ramanuja and Ramananda as Western Christianity did of Plato and Plotinus. None but a narrow minded theologian could think of asking Indian Christians to be faithful to the traditions of Israel and to their fierce and vindictive tribal deity—Yahweh.

Over a century ago Rammohun Roy, founder of the first Universalist Church of India, whose centenary we are going to celebrate this year, struck a note of warning to our Christian friends through his three *Appeals to the*

Christian Public in Defence of the Precepts of Jesus. Christian missions, as agencies of social service, have undoubtedly played a great rôle in humanizing the instinct and institutions of modern Asia and specially of India. But Christian theology has continued down to this day to appear as a exotic plant. Hence the attempt on the part of men like Dr. A. J. Appasamy, author of *Christianity as a Bhakti Marga*, *What is Moksha?* etc., and of Mr. V. Chakkarai, author of *The Cross and Indian Thought*—all tending to prove a unique orientation of the Indian spirit towards Christianity. But searching of the heart is equally manifest in the Hindu camp where eminent thinkers like Sri Aurobindo Ghose, Prof. Radhakrishnan, Prof. Sarma and others are attempting to reevaluate the criteria of spiritual life, marching away from arid ritualism to the sincere seeking of consolation and salvation through *Bhakti*. *Hinduism To-day* is a very faithful spiritual barometer to gauge Hindu reactions in the face of the time spirit.

Mr. D. V. Athalye, in his book *Neo Hinduism*, attempts to delineate this renovated Hinduism through the messages and magnetic personality of Swami Vivekananda. It is a very faithful anthology of the sacred thoughts and writings of the Bengali spiritual pioneer, disciple of the unlettered mystic, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa. Being the favourite disciple of a master who realised and practised the *truth of all*

religions, Swami Vivekananda was ever eager to show veneration and enthusiasm for all religions. But he was opposed to a vague sort of a *universal religion* coming from his learned Christian contemporaries, like Dr. Burrow, who claimed Christianity to be but another name for that universal religion. It was not the ideal of Vivekananda to bring round all men to his way of thinking but to give them, if possible, a lift up, thus reflecting the hereditary Hindu genius of tolerance and respect for all spiritual experiences. Hence the magnificent hymn to all religions coming from this great son of modern India which concludes :—

We stand in the present but open ourselves to the infinite future. . . . Salutations to all the prophets of the past, to all the great ones of the present, and to all that are to come in the future.

All the great leaders of modern India have, more or less, conformed to this line of spiritual realisation, Rammohun Roy and Keshab Chunder Sen, Ramakrishna and Vivekananda, Gandhi and Tagore, each one of them passionately devoted to their great national heritages of faith, and ever ready to enrich the symphony of human spirit by collaborating with brother harmonists from all nations, praying to—

The One supreme Spirit, creator of so many colours and denominations, for ever remaining above them !

*Ya eko avarno bahudâ Saktiyogât
Varṇân anekân nihitârtho dadhâti.*

KALIDAS NAG

VEDANTA AND PSYCHO-ANALYSIS *

[Professor R. Naga Raja Sarma, M.A., L.T., Ph. D., indicates how Vedantic teachings can purify and rescue what there is of good in the psychology of Freud.—EDS.]

Born in Vienna fifty years ago, psycho-analytic technique, theory, and practice are still going strong. Certain characteristic bodily or neuro-muscular symptoms which accompany neurotic patients may be traced ultimately to psychic factors. Life is a sum-total of responses to multifarious urges. Sex-urge is the most tremendous of all. Normal life with countless inhibitions social, moral, legal, *et hoc genus omne*, does not afford the fullest opportunity for free and unrestrained responses to the urges. Repressed urges lead to psycho-somatic abnormalities. Abnormal behaviour like hysteria when subjected to careful analysis is sure to reveal suppressed urges mostly of a sexual character. Dreams afford the most favourable occasion for the uprush of the suppressed urges. This is the quintessence of the Freudian Psychology and Psycho-analysis.

Joseph Jastrow feels sure that "after half a century, psycho-analysis is very much on trial" (p. 18—Introductory note). Whether the House that Freud Built has been constructed on the Rock of the Ages so as to endure eternally or whether it is just a flimsy yet fascinating structure which will collapse before the earliest storm of criticism are the questions attempted to be answered by Joseph Jastrow in the volume under notice. Describing the course of the "Libido," examining Freud's interpretation of Dreams, and explaining the place of the "Id," "the Ego and the Super-ego" in the Freudian scheme, Dr. Jastrow reviews the application of Freudian psychology and psycho-analysis to Religion, Education, Arts and Civilisation. This takes us to the end of the first part.

Examining the essentials of the

Freudian dream-argument and psycho-analytic technique, Dr. Jastrow ventures on a sort of cautious and non-committal prognostication, towards the conclusion of the work and its second part, that the future of Freudian psycho-analysis will be assured *if* the "extravagant implications and speculations that for the time have obscured and discredited it" are discarded and repudiated.

Dr. Jastrow is positive that the psycho-analytic march cannot continue along the present lines. The movement is "far too much a cult," "far too little a science". Psycho-analysis cannot be rejected *in toto*. Dr. Jastrow thus wants a repudiation of uncritical assumptions and a re-direction of the psycho-analytic venture along the path of hale and healthy humanism, as I understand the matter.

Before closing this brief notice, I only desire to add that any attempt at the salvaging or rehabilitation of psycho-analytic theory and practice can succeed better if the conclusions of Indian psychology are borne in mind. Conclusions of Indian psychology embodied in the Sanskrit texts bearing on the six systems, and the Upanishads, indicate that many of the urges, or motives, or springs to activity that is hideously selfish, anti-social, anti-religious, anti-other-worldly, have either to be completely eradicated or sublimated. Arjuna queries why an individual even against his wish apparently is driven to the commission of crime and sinful acts. (*Atha - kena - prayuktoyam - papam - charati - poorushah - Anichhannapi-varshneya — baladivaniyojitah — Gita —iii-36.*) The Lord answers that sinful activity is the direct response to the stimuli supplied by Desire and Anger. (*Kama-asha-krodha-asha etc. iii-37.*)

*The House that Freud Built. By JOSEPH JASTROW, Ph.D, LL.D. (Rider & Co., London, 7s. 6d.)

The term "Kama" is highly and peculiarly suggestive and includes all the Freudian urges and more in its connotation. The desire—the flaming and consuming desire—for possession, power, prestige and other values of life, is "Kama". The psychosis developed in an almost lightning-flash-like manner which makes one fly at the throat of those who thwart one's plans and projects and seek to nullify your desires, is the psychosis of ire or anger. "Krodha".

That the sublimation of ire and desire (*Krodha* and *Kama*) will usher in an era of new humanism is the message of the Vedanta. If individual, social, communal, national and international behaviour is to be regulated by that sublimation, the divinity of man which is just now only "music of a distant drum" will be a soothing symphony within ear-shot. It is the spiritual and moral dynamics of this sublimation advocated by the Vedanta which is directing the footsteps of those who are progressing along the Aryan Path attracted by the *vis a fronte* of a new Humanism. A rational reciprocity bet-

ween the Freudian motivation and the Vedantic sublimation is the need of the hour.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA

[Louis Morgan's part in making *Everyman* attractive takes the shape of eliciting useful opinions of well-known authors on a variety of subjects; e. g. in its issue of 15th April we are given the views of St. John Ervine whose straight-from-the-shoulder words on Freudism are worth quoting in connection with the above able review from the pen of an Indian Scholar.

"Freud! Freud has ruined more lives than you or I will ever know, and he has almost finished off literature. The word *complex* goes to some people's heads. They get drunk on it. They go to psycho-analysis as others go to cocktail parties. And look what Freud has done to friendship! He's killed the kind of friendship that was so prevalent when I was a young man. Men had men for friends, and women had women. If a young man had a young woman for a friend he was considered a namby-pamby. Or over-sexed. But now if you walk down the Strand twice with the same man, the bobbies run you in!"

REALITY AND SORROW*

[Professor G. R. Malkani is the Editor of *The Philosophical Quarterly* and the Director of the Indian Institute of Philosophy at Amalner.—EDS.]

This book is an interesting survey of contemporary philosophical thought. The author has indeed made no attempt to give a new philosophical system; but he has given a clear indication of his leaning towards some form of idealism; and in the last chapter on "The True Philosophy" he has averred his belief that that philosophy is still in the making. He says:—

That system of philosophy towards which all our contemporary types are converging will not be identical with any of them, because it

will contain only what is durable and eternal in the thought of our age. But that new system which is now in the making is the answer to our question. It is the true philosophy.

This attitude of mind is quite in accord with the view that "the possession of wisdom does not make a person a philosopher but rather the possession of a passion, an ardent longing for wisdom". It is no doubt true that there must be this longing before anybody can possess wisdom. But the true goal of philosophising must be this wisdom

* *An Introduction to Living Philosophy.* By D. S. ROBINSON. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$ 3.00.)

itself and not merely the longing. Philosophising must lead to wisdom. If, then, in the author's opinion "no true philosopher boasts of having wisdom," it is because philosophy has completely missed its mission in the West. The author indeed sets out a grand objective for the philosopher,—“insight into the hidden depths of reality, perspective on human life and nature in their entirety, in the words of Plato, to be a spectator of time and existence.” But little evidence is found anywhere in the book of this type of wisdom. We find ourselves led through a great variety of intellectual concepts vying with each other in subtlety and in boldness but not in vision. Indeed each individual philosopher may be said to have a certain field of clear vision from which he starts. But the vision is in every case circumscribed by certain intellectual prejudices derived from the culture and the social environment of the time.

The main problems discussed from different points of view are the following: (a) The problem of knowledge and existence. (b) The problem of truth and error. (c) The problem of the relation of mind and body. (d) The problem of value and evil. These problems are evidently interrelated. But it cannot be doubted that the problem of problems is the problem of the nature of the whole or of the ultimate reality. It is just here that systems of thought by Western thinkers inspired by intellectual curiosity or love of the abstract fail to give satisfaction to a passionate seeker after truth. There is nowhere to be found that directness of truth and illumination that is contained in the Upanishadic formulae “Thou art That” or “I am the Brahman or the Absolute,” the starting point of the Vedantic philosophy. Here philosophy is merged in religion and religion in philosophy. Western thinkers, on the other hand, by

divorcing the two, make philosophy a matter of dry and abstract intellectualism having little relation to the needs and the ideals of life as it is, and make religion a matter merely of tenets and dogmas having no relation to the intellectual life of man. Nowhere do we find that happy combination of reason and revelation without which a philosophy that will satisfy is impossible.

It is probable that the whole difference in the form and the content of philosophising lies in the original motivation. The author has considered different types of motivation,—the hedonic, the theological, the sociological and the scientific. Needless to say that none of these types is true with regard to the main systems of Indian thought. The Indian thinkers start with an acute consciousness of pain, the uncertainty of life and the final death of the body. They seek to find out means which would lift them out of mere biological existence and make them immortal. This they find in the knowledge of the true Self or Self-realisation. It is the highest goal of philosophic endeavour. Philosophy thus becomes for an Indian not an aspect of life but the highest life itself.

The author alludes to the pessimism of Hindu philosophy. But no thinker is so bold as to deny the fact of evil. And yet Hindu philosophy simply makes its starting point not its end. Philosophy must arise in pessimism but it cannot stay within it. It is rather a fundamental principle of all true philosophy that a proper view of reality which will dispel our ignorance will at the same time dispel the sorrow and the gloom of life born of this ignorance. There is nothing good or bad in reality itself. These are distinctions which arise from a certain limitation of vision. He who sees well and rightly does neither weep nor rejoice,—but he is satisfied.

G. R. MALKANI

THE KORAN OF PERSIA

[R. P. Masani is the author of *The Conference of Birds*, an essay based on the famous poem "Mantiq-ut-Tayr" of the mystic Attar.—EDS.]

No orientalist has done more than Dr. Nicholson to quicken the interest of the English reading public in Islamic mysticism. His exquisite translation of Jalaluddin Rumi's world famous masterpiece lays open for the general reader another hidden treasure of Sufi lore. The *Mathnawi* is the most notable exposition of the Sufi doctrine and is venerated in the East as the Koran of Persia. It is believed that Jalaluddin devoted forty-three years of his life to this monumental work which contains as many verses as the Iliad and the Odyssey put together. A literal translation of such a poem full of metaphorical and mystical meaning would be absolutely unintelligible, whereas a free rendering embodying matter strictly appertaining to a commentary would scarcely satisfy students desirous of understanding the text. Probably, owing to this difficulty, no European scholar had so far attempted anything more than an English version of selected fragments of the poem. Dr. Nicholson has, however, undertaken to give a faithful translation of the complete poem numbering twenty-five thousand and seven hundred verses. The translation of the first four books of the original poem has been published in two volumes and the final volume will be awaited with great interest.

Bearing in mind the difference between translation and interpretation Dr. Nicholson has not attempted to convey the inner, as distinguished from the outer, meaning of the text. In several places, however, he has indicated, by words in brackets, the mystical sense, or inserted words by way of explanation where the terseness of the original necessitated expansion to bring out even the literal sense. The following extract will serve as an illustration of the metaphysical meaning of Rumi's verses as well as the

knowledge and skill with which Dr. Nicholson has rendered them in English:

The rational spirit (the Logos) is (coming) to the mouth for the purpose of teaching: else (it would not come, for) truly that speech hath a channel apart:

It is moving without noise and without repetitions (of sound) to the rose-gardens beneath which are the rivers.

O God, do Thou reveal to the soul that place where speech is growing without letters.

That the pure soul may make of its head a foot (fly headlong) towards the far-stretching expanse of non-existence.—

An expanse very ample and spacious; and from it this phantasy and being (of ours) is fed.

(The realm of) phantasies is narrower than non-existence (potential existence): on that account phantasy is the cause of pain.

(The realm of actual) existence, again, was (ever) narrower than (the realm of) phantasy: hence in it moons become like the moon that has waned.

Again, the existence of the world of sense and colour is narrower (than this), for 'tis a narrow prison.

The cause of narrowness is composition (compoundness) and number (plurality): the senses are moving towards composition.

Know that the world of Unification lies beyond sense; if you want Unity, march in that direction.

It will be seen that the words in brackets simplify considerably the work of the student. A commentary included in the same volume would have enhanced its value, but Dr. Nicholson has deliberately held it over until the whole work has been studied and translated. "*The Mathnawi*," it has been said, "is easier than easy to the ignorant but harder than hard to the wise." To the learned translator it must have been the hardest, and he confesses that for him "there are still many difficulties".

Having said so much about the translation, we may make a few observations about the poet and the deep mystical significance of his poems. For our present purpose the dry bones of biography may be dispensed with and

* *The Mathnawi of Jalaluddin Rumi* (Four volumes). Translated into English by REYNOLD A. NICHOLSON, Litt. D., LL.D. (Printed for the Trustees of the "E. J. W. Gibb Memorial," and published by Luzac and Co., London.)

the poet may be allowed to introduce himself to the reader with his own mystical exposition of himself. Here is the negative side of his being :—

What is to be done, O Muslims? for I do not recognize myself,
I am neither Christian nor Jew, nor Gabr, nor Muslim,
I am not of the east, nor of the west, nor of the land, nor of the sea.
I am not of nature's mint, nor of the circling heavens.
I am not of earth, nor of water, nor of air, nor of fire ;
I am not of the empyrean, nor of the dust, nor of existence, nor of entity,
I am not of India, nor of China, nor of Bulgaria, nor of Saqsin ;
I am not of the kingdom of Iraqain, nor of the country of Khorasan,
I am not of this world, nor of the next, nor of Paradise, nor of Hell.
I am not of Adam, nor of Eve, nor of Eden and Rizwan.
My place is the placeless, my trace is the traceless,
'Tis neither body nor soul, for I belong to the soul of the Beloved.
I have put quality away, I have seen that the two worlds are one ;
One I seek, One I know, One I see, One I call,
HE IS THE FIRST, HE IS THE LAST, HE IS THE OUTWARD, HE IS THE INWARD ;
I know none other except "Ya Hu" and "Ya man Hu."

This is the positive side :—

If there be any lover in the world, O Muslims,—'tis I.
If there be any believer, infidel, or Christian hermit,—'tis I.

Earth and air and water and fire, nay, body and soul too—'tis I.

Truth and Falsehood, good and evil, ease and difficulty from first to last,

Knowledge and learning and asceticism and piety and faith—'tis I.

The fire of Hell, be assured, with its flaming limbs,

Yes, and Paradise and Eden and the Houris—'tis I.

This earth and heaven with all that they hold, Angels, Peris, Genies and Mankind—'tis I.

In the *Mathnawi* the poet elucidates the Sufi mysteries by means of various parables and anecdotes, and justifies the ways of God to man. Sufism is the religion of Love; and Love, the astrolabe of heavenly mysteries, is the keynote to the *Mathnawi*. The Universe is the reflected image of the "Eternal Beauty".

The realisation of this Beauty is brought about by universal Love. Using the symbolical language of the Zoroastrian faith, the Sufi describes this love as the sacred fire which in a moment consumes the love of self and everything else other than God. At the outset Jalaluddin hails this love in stirring words, of which the following is a free translation :—

O thou pleasant madness, Love !
Thou physician of all our ills !
Thou healer of pride,
Thou Plato and Galen of our souls !

In proportion as the mystic loves his Beloved, he sees the Divine Essence permeating all creatures and all the universe. All the love stories in the *Mathnawi* and in other Sufi poems are mere shadow-pictures of the soul's passionate longing to be re-united with God, and Jalaluddin sings in exultation that the soul's love of God is God's love of the soul. Union with the Beloved and absorption in the Deity are natural corollaries to this belief. The Sufi now puts duality away. He sees that the two worlds are one. One he seeks, One he calls. Immersed in unity, he knows neither law nor religion, neither form nor phenomenal being. In this stage of its journey the soul is isolated from all that is foreign to itself, that is to say, from all that is not God.

How far this doctrine of *fanā*, or passing away from one's phenomenal existence, was influenced by Buddhism and Perso-Indian pantheism is a very interesting problem for research students to work on; but it may be pointed out that *fanā* is accompanied by *baqā*, everlasting life in God. Therein the Sufi doctrine corresponds more with the pantheism of the Vedānta. It is not enough to die to self. To abide in "The Truth," after having passed away from self-hood, is the mark of the Perfect Man. Dying to self, he lives in God. Many a poet has sung exultingly of the bliss of that unitive state, but what can be more touching than the following verses in which Jalaluddin prays for self-annihilation in the ocean of the Godhead, and in which that gifted poet

of the fourteenth century anticipates the theory of evolution of man in the material world and foreshadows his growth in the spiritual world:—

I died as mineral and became a plant,

I died as plant and rose to animal,

I died as animal and I was man.

Why should I fear? When was I less by dying?

Yet once more I shall die as man, to soar
With angels blest; but even from angelhood
I must pass on: all except God doth perish.
When I have sacrificed my angel soul,
I shall become what no mind ever conceived
Oh, let me not exist! for non-existence
Proclaims in organ tones, "To Him we shall
return."

R. P. MASANI

Intellectual Crime. By JANET CHANCE. (Williams and Norgate, London. 5s.)

Mrs. Chance attacks what she regards as present day indifference to truth. She finds such indifference in politics, business, education, the press, and particularly in religion and in connection with morality. Even scientists are not free from it, though she declares that "there can be no examples of intellectual crime in science proper". Her main object is to show that religious belief is the greatest of intellectual crimes and to urge that the only honest attitude towards the problem of existence is that of the agnostic. She goes no further than Huxley when he declared that he had "a pretty strong conviction that the problem was insoluble". For those who take up any other attitude she has contempt and says, "They are persons to whom it has not occurred that there are such things as intellectual standards of right and wrong."

With much that Mrs. Chance says most people will agree. Intellectual integrity is rare. Humbug of the most outrageous kind is tolerated in almost every sphere of life. Any amount of respectable truth is merely lies. Steadfastness to truth and courage are the two qualities most needed in the special circumstances of to-day. Any group of people that was truthful and had the courage to act accordingly would revolutionise the world. To the extent that this book will cause its readers to give up false ideas and be honest with themselves it can be warmly welcomed, and

that it may have such an effect upon some who read it can be taken for granted; but its effect will be limited because the author confines herself to the approach to truth by means of the rational mind—by the methods of experiment and verification adopted by natural science and by the use of logic—she will have nothing to do with what the poets and saints have to say about truth. What they say, she asserts, has no universal value, so it can be ignored. This is as grave a refusal to consider the evidences of truth as the examples she gives provided by politicians, journalists and clergymen. There is a direct approach to truth, which is not the way of the rational mind but of the intellect in the sense of the universal mind, and it is as much an intellectual crime to disparage or deny it as it is to pretend that you believe what you know to be false or to shut your eyes to obvious facts. Mrs. Chance does say in one sentence about the religious man that we can "accept his statement provisionally and try to discover what it is that gives rise to the feeling he describes". That remark indicates her honesty; and it is a pity that she does not realise that it is worth while in the spirit of science itself to try to discover what the sages and mystics meant when they have announced their discovery of truth. Had she done that she would have found that throughout the ages these discoverers have found universal truth, in which they agree, in which there are no contradictions, and that this truth can be verified by all who choose to do so.

C. B. PURDOM

History as a Science. By HUGH TAYLOR (Methuen, London, 7s. 6d.)

It has been the author's task "to suggest how far the scientific method of induction can be applied to history." Incidentally he believes that "the unsatisfactory state of the study of history is largely due to the conflict in the mind of the historians between the interests of conduct and the interests of knowledge." This attitude carries weight from the fact that the author has a ripe experience of teaching in leading Public Schools and as an Army tutor, and is not only a classical scholar, but also a King's Scholar (Durham).

His unrest has also been experienced by others. Lord Morley felt "in a subconscious sort of way that something was amiss in the treatment of history". So early as 1889 Edward Eggleston in his *History of America* agreed "no one can relate events without sympathy and imagination"; thirty-five years later, H. G. Wells claimed to treat things in his *Outline of History* "in his own fashion". Prof. Decio Pettello, in his recently issued *Outline of Italian Civilization*, speaks of "history requiring a synthesis in order to form a judgment of values". In March 1933, G. K. Chesterton complains "how curiously history is taught". And now Hugh Taylor makes a book of six closely reasoned chapters, carrying the idea to a more practical issue by "following the rules of a strictly scientific investigation".

He suggests that the modern historian "cannot see the truth if he has a strong motive for looking at the facts in a predetermined light". Thus, Frederic Harrison's work "was deprived of any real scientific value by the habit of attempting to convey valuable moral lessons and establish important scientific truths at one and the same moment". Again, while Dr. G. P. Gooch "seems at times fully alive to the fact that the function of history is to discover the truth and interpret the movement of humanity," yet he, and similar writers, are prone

"to pretend to investigate causes while in reality aiming at the production of an impressive moral effect".

Upon history, says the author "the free play of a scientific imagination should be permitted," and insists on "the futility of expecting any real progress so long as the old educational method remains in use". . . . "An investigator who wishes to discover the truth should exercise free speculation on the causes of historical events, institutions and tendencies, undeterred by the fear of consequences."

Having thus castigated the old and adumbrated the new, he develops his thesis and applies it in informative chapters on "Government," "War," "Revolution" and "Conduct," and sums up his arguments:—

The characteristics of the leading nations of the world, together with the main features of civilization, are to-day the result of a certain definite process of development, the nature of which it is the business of history to disclose. It must discover the main principles in accordance with which social and political evolution has taken place. No new light can be thrown on this important problem by the old system of studying the history of a particular nation and detailing the result in narrative form. More fruitful would seem to be the method of investigating separately certain institutions and phenomena which are common to the human race and which seem of decisive importance . . . The indispensable condition of success in social, political and economic reform is that any changes in the existing order must harmonize with pre-existing evolutionary tendencies and only a knowledge of the laws of progress gained by inductive observation, will enable this condition to be fulfilled. A rich and promising harvest awaits the use of the inductive method in history.

Here, then, is a theme worthy of mature thought, particularly by students of national and international affairs. History, henceforward, may not be, as Arnold Forster once put it, "sparkling with episode and full of dramatic incident" but it stands a better chance of being helpful to humanity, because its study may lead toward a clearer path of light from the past, so that the future may be less complicated—perhaps more serene.

W. H. STEBBINS

Things New And Old. By W. R. INGE. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. 3s. 6d.)

It is easy for anyone to find out what the Roman Catholic Church stands for, believes in, and is. It is far from easy for anyone to discover what the Protestant Church stands for, believes in, and is supposed to give. *New Things And Old* is a series of addresses delivered at Cambridge to the younger members of the University by Dean Inge—especially with a view to informing youth as to the contribution of the Church of England in modern times. Here, we think, if anywhere, we will learn what Christianity means to a modern Churchman. Dean Inge really makes an excellent symbol of that Church. What has he to say? It would be impossible to summarise it, for nothing sincerely clear emerges. Prejudices, easy moralising, gibes, a few epigrams, anæmic exhortations, one thousand quotations from others—but no conviction, no love, no charity, no passion, no inner seriousness. His excursions into Science have at least the merit of being amusingly written, and we may even welcome his far from happy advance into the field of æsthetics since it is so rare to find a prelate who has attempted to recognise and understand the poetic experience. We can tolerate his moral exhortations though we cannot help wincing at his use of phrases like “the bright young things”. In his references to economics we can overlook the Victorian attitude of an old man, but *nothing* can excuse the historical silliness and middle-class spitefulness of this sentence—“Our Lord was not a pro-

letarian. He belonged to an independent, self-respecting, yeoman class.”! And nothing can console us for the fact that when he speaks on his supposedly specialist subject of religion, not only has he nothing to say, but what he does say is muddled up. Arriving inevitably at the subject of Faith we read:—

Now, I think, we must admit that we cannot arrive at the religious conception of the world by studying nature. The reliance upon “evidences” has been carried too far. We must not go back to Archdeacon Paley. From finite things to infinite causes there is no road. And religion certainly did not arise in this way. Even the poetic and mystical interpretation of nature, such as we find and treasure in Wordsworth, is on a different plane from the old logical “proofs” of the existence of God.

Paley is wrong, but we may pass Wordsworth. That sounds good enough—but the whole point is missed. May I emphasise these words with all my might?—there is nothing wrong about the “proofs” of the existence of God, there is nothing wrong about producing the Argument from Design, *provided it is the expression of an experience*. If it is mere intellectualism it is useless, but if it is an experience *then it is on precisely the same plane as Wordsworth*. (Whitman’s marvellously effective poem *This Compost* is pure Paley *experienced*.) This is vital to any opening or closing discussion on Religion, and it is completely muddled up by the Dean—and we suspect more and more that this is so because he has had no religious experience himself. That is why he is not only incapable of saying anything fresh but cannot clothe the old truths in the language of conviction.

J. S. COLLIS

That Immortal Sea. A Meditation upon the Future of Sexual Morality. By CLIFFORD BAX. (Lovat Dickson Limited, London. 7s. 6d.)

When we find on the first page of this book references to cocktails, gramophones, negro dances, tube-railways and aeroplanes, we may be forgiven for thinking that Mr. Clifford Bax does not intend to take his task too seriously.

Like Rhodes he evidently thinks that truth is simple and should be expressed with as little mystification as possible. He does not claim to be an authority on either religion or sex, and he sedulously refrains from quoting the work of those who have that distinction. “If we avoid any generalisations,” he writes, “and satisfy the pedant by qualifying every sentence, we become as irritating as a

man with a nervous cough." There is not a single cough, nervous or otherwise, in this book but rather a loud and hearty shout of affirmation. He writes with immense exuberance, but with no suggestion of Izaak Walton's "study to be quiet" or the deep undertone of the mystic. Mr. Bax often hits the nail on the head, but like Dr. Johnson he frequently breaks the surrounding wood-work. He is a little too robust and jolly, a little inclined to splash about in the surf of "that immortal sea". His message is not for the initiate or the morally wise but for those who are insensible to religion and merely fashionable in their sexual experience. He shouts and bangs to attract attention. Often there is a trumpet call of warning, and sometimes he plays upon no more than a penny whistle.

Mr. Bax is definitely on the side of the angels, even if he appears to assume a somewhat corybantic attitude. He is strongly opposed to those writers who are anti-Christian and who persistently stress the importance of sexual promiscuity. He believes that our materialism is a temporary phase, that we shall return to a belief in the soul and to a manner of living compatible with it. He does not offer a new religion but advocates the breaking down of egoism and the finding of love again. Despite

his "whirl of words," his essentially modern manner, he pins his faith to the teaching of Christ, to that simple entreaty—love one another.

On the subject of sex Mr. Bax believes in the possessive instinct and rigid fidelity between husband and wife. He writes:—

In the future, people will acknowledge that sexual promiscuity, far from being a gallant crusade against inhibitions, is a vulgar misuse of personality.

He would have the sexual instinct "only an accessory of love, a source of heart-easing delight". Love, he thinks, free from "all the dark emanations of egoism," will heal a sick world as nothing else can do. He writes:—"The full emergence of love, the full revelation of the immortal self within this world of mortality is, in my view, the climax to which humanity, and perhaps all sentient creatures, are imperceptibly progressing." If Mr. Bax has not written a profound book, he has at least given us one that is extremely honest. He cannot rouse the torpid, after the manner of Savonarola, but his message should quicken the disillusioned of the younger generation, should make them realise that life is more than a denial of the spirit, and love more than sexual gratification.

HADLAND DAVIS

Origins of Sacrifice: A Study in Comparative Religion. By E. O. JAMES. (John Murray, London. 10s. 6d.)

Studies in the Birth of the Lord. By ELWOOD WORCESTER. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Sacrifice is a word which covers a long series of meanings, from the blood offering made in a necromantic ritual or to win the favour of a god, at one end of the scale, to the altruistic surrender of one's personal interests for the good of mankind, at the other. The universality of the conception of sacrifice in one form or another suggests that it must be the expression of a fundamental law in the life of humanity: a law that affects all men, though the selfish and

ignorant interpret it basely and the wise and generous nobly.

Mr. E. O. James, who is President of the Folk Lore Society, traces the history of sacrifice from Palæolithic to recent times. He is moderate and judicial, and resists the temptation to speculate far in advance of the known facts, which in some books bear to the theories built up around them a proportion rather like that of the bread to the sack in Falstaff's tavern bill. The facts about early man revealed by archæological research, though still all too scanty, yet afford, or rather hint at, a certain amount of valuable information as to his religious beliefs and customs. The ancient practice of staining the bones of the dead with red

ochre had clearly a ritual or magical significance; and the Aurignacians, who painted lifelike animal pictures on the walls of caverns an unknown number of millennia ago, in all probability did so in order to put a spell on the animals so that they might fall an easy prey to the hunters of the community, in a manner analogous to the hunting magic practised by some American Indian tribes in the immediate past.

A large part of the book is devoted to tracing the origins of the sacrificial elements in Christianity. The author recites the stages by which the Eucharist developed from a memorial meal into a mystery repetition of the "Sacrifice of the Cross". He points out the significant resemblances between the rites of sacerdotal Christianity and those of some of the ancient Mystery-Cults. In his final chapter, which deals with

sacrifice in certain of the non-Christian religions, Mr. James writes of Buddhism:

The institution of sacrifice was foreign to the fundamental metaphysical philosophy of Buddhism, the whole of existence being reduced to purely ethical and spiritual concepts which limit the vision of reality to subjective intuition of the Absolute attained by renunciation—

which is quite good, but is not the "subjective intuition of the Absolute" an extension rather than a limitation of the "vision of reality"?

Mr. Elwood Worcester, whose sentiment is strongly Christian, is nevertheless both frank and impartial in his scholarly analysis of the birth stories as told in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke; and those who are interested in the subject will find in his book an admirable summary of the controversy about the supposed miraculous conception and birth of Jesus.

R. A. V. M.

The True Christian Religion. By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 2s.)

Emerson placed Swedenborg among his seven Representative Men, as The Mystic. For the great Swede was able, not only to pierce into the esoteric meanings of the Bible, but to perceive clairvoyantly the recondite springs which move this material world of effects.

Swedenborg wrote in Latin. The heaviness of his early translators has proved a bar and stumbling block to people who dislike to read difficult prose. The last book he ever wrote has been fortunate enough to fall into the hands of Mr. F. Bayley for translation, with the pleasant consequence that we are now presented with this extremely readable version.

The True Christian Religion was begun in 1771 and sums up the entire message of Swedenborg to his own and future times. It contains also the constructive principles upon which his followers have founded their organization, The New Church. It devotes a good deal of space to the esoteric ex-

planation of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, a doctrine which had been grievously muddled by succeeding centuries until he found it hopelessly misunderstood. He explains that Love, Power and Wisdom are the real Trinity, being the three chief expressions of God. His next care is to prove that they pass as an influx from God into man and that everything fine and noble in men's thought and deed arises out of this divine influx. The rest of this book is occupied by a successful endeavour to destroy the idolatrous explanations proffered by unspiritual clerics to their flocks, and to expound the true Christian doctrines of Faith, Baptism, Charity, Regeneration, Imputation and Free Will. He illustrates his points by graphic accounts of what he beheld in the world of spirits.

Yet Swedenborg had his limitations. He is indubitably fine whenever he tries to lead an orthodox Christian into a purer perception of religion, but he fails whenever he attempts to catch the Ineffable within the net of visible and describable forms.

PAUL BRUNTON

The Place of Man and other Essays. By NAGENDRANATH GUPTA. (The Indian Press, Ltd., Allahabad.)

The first essay, from which the book takes its title traces in terms of exquisite imagery, man's place in the Universal plan.

The second "Art in the West and the East," begins with a general survey of art in the earliest times. The first and the earliest artists were poets who chanted their own creations. Although the origin of decorative art is not known, it was already pursued in Egypt seven thousand years ago. The author gives a short account of Chaldean, Assyrian and Persian painting, sculpture and architecture, and says that Greece and Japan in the olden days were outstanding in that the entire nation in both of these countries was devoted to art. The early Roman art which disappeared when pagan Rome became Christian Italy was strongly influenced by the early Grecian. In a short outline of the history of painting we are brought into modern times, and then in the second part of this essay we go back to the Orient and we hold our breath in awe at the glory of ancient India, to which the still existing art treasures testify. Elephanta, Karli and Ajanta with their "colossal images, wide spacious halls and magnificently carved pillars bear silent witness to an art as great and greater than that of the days of Michael Angelo". The author sums up this absorbing article by drawing a comparison between the old European and the Indian art. While the former confined itself to beauty of form, the latter suggests the beauty, the life, within the form. The one was realistic, the other, symbolical.

Essays of a more personal nature and distinctly eulogistic follow. The writer gives us a picture of the life and works of Ramakrishna Paramahansa and of the well-known Swami Vivekananda, a disciple of the former. Then an appreciation of Vidapati of Mithila and Bengal, the poet whose nationality was disputed because he was able to write

in two languages with equal facility and charm.

Another great poet is the subject of the sixth essay, Rabindranath Tagore. The writer produces a striking picture of the personality of this remarkable man and includes one poem of marvellous beauty viz. "Urvasi"—Urvasi, the symbol of the glory of the first morning of Creation, "the expression of all the buoyant spontaneous joyance of Nature".

The seventh essay is a critical survey of modern literary work in general and the pride of nations in particular in upholding their own writers as proofs of a nation's greatness. As if the stamp or seal of a nation could be set upon a great mind. Not in India, nor in Greece nor in Rome was literature ever used as a medium for the assertion of national superiority, whereas the opposite is sadly true in the European world to-day, where the habits of thought individually and collectively are ego-centric.

The last essay is a short sketch of comparative religious beliefs in ancient India, Egypt, Greece and Rome. On present day conditions the writer observes that the ancient wisdom was known and followed long ages before it fell on the barren soil of Europe, that Jesus once again taught this wisdom and that "what is called the materialism of the West is in reality the inability of all the nations of Europe to realise the teachings of Jesus Christ as a living faith".

There are frequent allusions throughout the book to the narrow scope in which our lives are lived. Man's quest for the things that appeal to the higher faculties is sporadic, led off into side issues or checked by worldly affairs. In India the ancient teachings of Karma and Reincarnation and of man as the maker of his own destiny are bound up with the life and thoughts of the whole nation. In the monumental works of Madame Blavatsky these ancient teachings are set forth and explained for the benefit of those who are seriously seeking.

Can We Save Civilisation? By JOSEPH McCABE (The Search Publishing Co., Ltd., London. 6s.)

Matthew Arnold who criticised Victorian Philistinism was described by his detractors as an elegant Jeremiah; but the author of this book who subjects to devastating criticism the entire social, political, economic and educational fabric which the modern world has built up has none of his graces of style, nor his urbanity of manner. He is a vigorous, hard-hitting, and zealous writer who points out the plague-spots of modern civilisation with much candour. He suggests several remedies for restoring peace and tranquillity to this distracted world. He describes himself:—

I drink much beer, consume much tobacco, follow football matches with joy, love films (if not too arty or educational), and devour immense quantities of detective, humorous, and Western stories The anæmic people who find symptoms of degeneration in our football crowds, cinemas, jazz dancing, etc. ought to look up what the supposedly healthier grandfathers of these folk did with *their* leisure.

But his book is in the main an indictment and a warning.

In the first place, Mr. McCabe says that civilisations like some kinds of fruit carry within themselves the seeds of their destruction. This is what has happened to the ancient Egyptian, Babylonian, Chinese, Arab, Greek and Roman civilisations. They had their day and ceased to be. This is what is going to happen to modern civilisation as well. It is also on the way to committing suicide; and before that catastrophe happens, should not something be done to save it from self-destruction? He looks round and finds that the economic structure is collapsing because there is no co-ordination between the means of production and the average capacity for consumption. In politicians he has not much faith and believes that the political machinery should be over-hauled. He is worried over the rate at which the human

species is multiplying itself and is frightened at the economic rivalries of the nations. He believes that the world is on the brink of a great war on account of the increase in armaments, the restrictions against immigration and the poisonous hatred of the alienated territories. With nothing but scorn for an educational system which is so remote from the interests of normal human life, he is impatient with those people who believe that human nature cannot be changed. To put an end to this muddle he advocates a scientific adjustment of production, distribution and consumption, the setting up of an Economic Council of experts, the introduction of the Referendum, the inculcation of the principles of birth-control, the substitution of arbitration in place of war, and the bringing of education into line with the needs of the present-day life. There is nothing new in these suggested remedies, but our pointed attention is drawn to them on account of the challenging way in which he emphasizes their desirability.

But all is not lost, he seems to say, for this modern civilisation of ours has done a lot for us by emancipating our minds from many kinds of superstitions; by teaching us the value of organisation, co-operation and team-work; by bringing home to us that the economic interest is dominant and fundamental, and by harnessing science to the needs of the individual as well as the collective life. It is in the inculcation of the scientific spirit, he thinks, which modern civilisation has engendered, that the future happiness of mankind lies. Evidently Mr. McCabe is an enthusiast for science and a foe of organised religions, but he does not know that as there can be so much cant in the so-called religions of mankind, so can we have it in the domain of science as well.

Though it is not possible to see eye to eye with the author of this book on several points, still one cannot help saying that it deserves to be read.

DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

CORRESPONDENCE

ETHICS OF VEGETARIANISM

[**Rasvihari Das, M.A., Ph. D.**, is Professor of Metaphysics and Indian Philosophy at the Indian Institute of Philosophy (Amalner). The seventeenth chapter of the *Gita* offers a rational basis for the selection of foodstuffs; in her *Key to Theosophy* H. P. Blavatsky explains the subject thus :—

One of the great German scientists has shown that every kind of animal tissue, however you may cook it, still retains certain marked characteristics of the animal which it belonged to which characteristics can be recognised. And apart from that, every one knows by the taste what meat he is eating. We go a step farther, and prove that when the flesh of animals is assimilated by man as food, it imparts to him, physiologically, some of the characteristics of the animal it came from. Moreover, occult science teaches and proves this to its students by ocular demonstration, showing also that this "coarsening" or "animalizing" effect on man is greater from the flesh of the larger animals, less for birds, still less for fish and other cold-blooded animals, and least of all when he eats only vegetables He must eat to live, and so we advise really earnest students to eat such food as will least clog and weight their brains and bodies and will have the smallest effect in hampering and retarding the development of their intuition and their inner faculties and powers We believe that much disease, and especially the great predisposition to disease which is becoming so marked a feature in our time, is very largely due to the eating of meat, and especially of tinned meats. (p. 218)]

There are a good many people, particularly in India, who conscientiously abstain from all kinds of animal food. There are various reasons which induce persons to restrict the source of their bodily nourishment to vegetables only. Some may not like to take animal food because they think it will be injurious to their health. Some avoid such food because they believe that it produces certain mental propensities which in the long run make us unhappy. Others have no clear idea as to whether animal food is really harmful to our physical or mental health, and still they are very particular in not taking such food because it is prohibited in their scripture. But one may not believe in any scripture; may not think that animal food has any evil effect on our mind or body; and yet may refrain from taking such food purely on ethical grounds. We shall try to consider what these grounds are, and whether they can be consistently maintained.

It might be supposed that we should select our food for its hygienic value only and should not trouble ourselves in this matter with moral questions, which are pertinent only in our relations with one

another as human beings. Such a supposition would have nothing wrong in it, if, in choosing and securing our food, we were not involved in actions which are in conflict with our moral principles, or if what we select as our food were always presented to us merely as food. When, for instance, we choose animals for our food, they are presented to us not merely as food, but as living beings endowed with the powers of consciousness and feeling. In using them as food we cannot help being cruel to them and unnecessary cruelty would be condemned by all moral philosophers.

The fact that we can be cruel or kind towards animals, in the plain sense of the words cruel and kind, shows clearly that we can have a worthy or an unworthy attitude of mind in our dealing with them. This implies that our conduct towards lower animals may be an object of moral judgment. If this were not so, then a white man might as well think that his conduct towards a black man cannot be morally judged. This would reduce morality to a concern of particular groups and deprive it of universal validity and application. It is no doubt true that the difference between

a man and a lower animal is far more striking than the difference between any one man and another. But the difference between us and animals is certainly not so absolute as to make the principles, which ordinarily govern our moral conduct, inapplicable in the case of our dealings with them.

Our moral conduct implies that certain things are recognised by us as good or valuable in themselves and it is our duty to try to realise them. We ought to do what is good. But we may not always be able to do what is good. Our physical and psychical constitution may stand in the way. Even when we are unable to do what is good, we may still recognise that it ought to be done. Thus if an action is generally done in the world, it is no proof that it is good, because what is done is not the same thing as what ought to be done, and what ought to be done is alone good.

To determine what is ultimately good, we should go to ethics, but every one of us, even without a study of ethics, has a certain moral faculty by which he can recognise moral values in things ; he can know that certain things are valuable in themselves and ought to be pursued and preserved by all rational beings.

Life is one such valuable thing. When we perceive this, we are naturally averse to indulging in activities which make for death rather than for life. We should have respect for life not only because it is valuable in itself but also because it is the basis of other values. Moral and other higher values can be realised only on the basis of life.

Happiness is also a thing to be valued for its own sake. All our activities, therefore, which are calculated to increase happiness in the world should be commended, and those that contribute to the misery of the world should be condemned.

Charity or love is one of the highest moral values we know on earth. In fact in the opinion of many competent persons supreme worth can belong only to this virtue. No saint would be saintly if he had no love. A man is

truly morally great to the extent he has been able to develop the spirit of love in him.

True love is not selective. If the principle of love really works in us, we cannot love some and hate others. We shall have a loving attitude towards all. We ordinary mortals, however, are not blessed with the love that inspires a Buddha or a Christ. Even if we try, we cannot produce in ourselves a feeling of positive love towards all beings. But negatively at least we may try to abstain from thoughts and actions which are inconsistent with, or hostile to, a spirit of love.

If we now judge, in the light of these values, the conduct of a man who takes animal food, we clearly see that it cannot be morally justified. One cannot take animal food without making oneself responsible for the destruction of life and for the misery it involves. It needs hardly to be mentioned that the causing of death and misery, even of animals, is certainly inconsistent with the spirit of love which every moral being ought to cultivate.

Against this position an opponent of vegetarianism may argue in this way :— In any case we have to eat, and eating will mean destruction of life in one form or another. Even if we eat merely vegetables we shall kill life, because vegetables too have life, and some say they have feelings also. If a distinction is made between a lower and a higher life, and if lower life can be sacrificed for higher life, then animals, which are lower in the scale of life than men, may be used to support the higher life of men. In any event all higher values are realised not in the lives of animals but in those of men, and so the best use that can be made of animals is to make them serve the cause of these higher values by becoming food for men. Besides we find in nature that one animal lives upon another and so it seems part of the scheme of nature that animals should be used as food. Lastly, our present civilisation, of which we form part, and which provides us with opportunities for realising any

higher values, is dependent upon militarism. It is because soldiers are there that we are kept in peace at home to pursue the course of our virtuous life; otherwise we should fall an easy prey to robbers and robber-like nations who would destroy our life and property, and would show no consideration for our women and children. We should therefore be able to defend ourselves. And we shall do it well when we can kill and be cruel. Cruelty is thus a military virtue and it cannot be kept up on vegetarian diet. If we are not ourselves soldiers, we have to maintain soldiers and can therefore never free ourselves wholly from the guilt of non-vegetarianism which is part of a soldier's life. The vegetarian thus pursues an impossible ideal.

Let us now attempt a reply to this criticism. We have to make a distinction between lower and higher life, and when a choice is to be made between them, we should certainly choose the higher rather than the lower life. If there is a conflict between them such that one cannot be had without the sacrifice of the other, the lower life should certainly be sacrificed. Now, if human life could not be maintained without animal food, then there would be nothing wrong in the killing of animals for the sake of human life. But human life can be maintained without animal food and it is proved by the fact that millions of men have lived and do live without such food. Therefore the killing of animals for the sustenance of human life is not justified. Vegetables no doubt have life, and may have even feeling, but there is no denying the fact that vegetable life is vastly inferior to animal life, and so it cannot be argued that because we kill vegetables we should kill animals also. It is as good as saying that because a lower good is sacrificed, therefore a higher good should also be sacrificed.

When we consider the amount of misery involved in our killing animals and calmly reflect over it, we certainly find ourselves guilty of wanton cruelty. Death for an animal, that is used for

food, is usually a painful process. It begins to suffer the pain of death from the moment it apprehends the coming doom. Actual dying is probably not so painful as the mortal fear of death and the helpless struggle to escape from its sure grip. There is nothing to show that a plant ever dies such a painful death, that it has any prevision or fear of death or undergoes such terrible suffering.

It is true that many animals live upon other animals. But, as we have already pointed out, the fact that animals are killed by other animals does not mean that they *ought* to be killed by men. Moreover, in the consideration of a moral question, it is strange to suggest that we should act like wild animals. It would be a bad day for humanity if it were to accept wolves and tigers for its moral ideals.

Coming to the last question that cruelty is a necessary element in the present civilisation, we have to point out that, if it is really so, it is bad enough for civilisation, and we should not make it still worse by adding to the amount of cruelty that already exists. All good people, believing in higher ideals, are working against the militarism of modern states, and in the shaping of our moral conduct we should not go on with the assumption that militarism is an inalienable aspect of civilisation.

Even if it be a fact that we have always to fight for the preservation of our culture against uncultured people it is wrong to suppose that one cannot fight or defend oneself unless one takes animal food. There are many soldiers who can fight but who do not take animal food. Among animals too we find that many animals which do not live upon other animals can fight and defend themselves. Modern fights are not won by animal ferocity but by intelligence and science, and for the cultivation of these animal food has never been shown to be an indispensable factor.

We may even grant for the sake of argument that soldiers are always

necessary for the maintenance of civilised life and they must as a rule take animal food. But it will be a strange argument which will say that because some people must do a certain action, therefore all people should do it, even when we recognise the action to be bad in itself. We may be indirectly connected with the killing of animals by our support to a state which maintains meat-eating soldiers. But the fact that we are distantly connected with the killing of animals cannot be urged as a reason why we should, by eating meat, be directly connected with such killing, especially when it is neither evidently desirable in itself, nor necessary for the preservation or realisation of any higher ideals.

The world in which we live is an imperfect world, and by our very existence in it we share in this imperfection and are partly responsible for it. This is however a reason not for our remaining content with all our imperfections but for struggling against them. The spirit of perfect love may be impossible of realisation in this world. But which of our moral ideals are realisable in their perfection in this imperfect world? It is only given to us to make honest endeavours to realise them as far as we can, and it is certainly possible for most of us to abstain from animal food and thus save many unfortunate creatures from the tortures of needless death.

Amalner

RASVIHARI DAS

A PROJECT OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION

[C. R. King deals with a subject on which all true reformers feel deeply. The ideal which H. P. Blavatsky painted in 1889 is this:—

Children should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else, to think and reason for themselves. We would reduce the purely mechanical work of the memory to an absolute minimum, and devote the time to the development and training of the inner senses, faculties and latent capacities. We would endeavour to deal with each child as a unit, and to educate it so as to produce the most harmonious and equal unfoldment of its powers, in order that its special aptitudes should find their full natural development. We should aim at creating *free* men and women, free intellectually, free morally, unprejudiced in all respects, and above all things, *unselfish*. And we believe that much if not all of this could be obtained by *proper and truly theosophical* education.—*The Key to Theosophy*, p. 226.]

Mr. George Godwin wrote recently in *THE ARYAN PATH* on the subject of international education. My experience and plans in the matter may therefore be of interest to readers.

The League of Nations Committee for Intellectual Co-operation, of which men of such distinction as Prof. Gilbert Murray, M. Bergson, Prof. Einstein, and Dr. R. A. Millikan, the authority on "cosmic rays," are or have till recently been members, has paid some attention to the spreading of the principles of the League among school-children and students in all member-states. That there is still very much to be done in this direction is shown by recent events in the Far East. Japanese students constitute a by no means inconsiderable

element of support for Japanese policy, and there are plenty of people, old and young, both in England and France who agree with them, in spite of the fact that there is a good deal of "League of Nations" teaching in England, and that M. Henride Jouvenel, now the French Ambassador in Rome, told me in 1925 that this teaching was being officially given throughout France. And Japan, France, and England are by no means the only countries where there is scope for such work.

On this ground alone there is room for an international educational centre on a bigger scale than any that yet exists, but such a centre should not confine itself to, or even directly indulge in the dissemination of internationalist propa-

ganda among the young. If the education of the peoples of the world were right in other respects, a proper attitude towards other countries and towards the principles of the League of Nations would follow as a matter of course.

In the present educational systems of the world there is very considerable waste—waste of human wealth, human character and capacity. The results of this waste are evident in the state of the world to-day. Yet all our aching problems, national and international, are created by men, and soluble by men. For the most part, they are problems of human character, and the solution lies in the school. The instincts of the child for good can be much more highly developed than is usually done.

One grievous symptom of the waste to which we referred is the distaste which the majority of children even now have for learning, and the acquiescence in this as in the nature of things by the majority of teachers. The only remedy for this is thoroughly first-class teaching from the very outset: the potentialities inherent in the application of such teaching on any considerable scale are rich in the extreme. True teachers are the Vestals of wonder; with proper treatment the natural love of learning can be kept alive probably in every child. The man who loves learning is not only better informed and broader minded, and therefore a better citizen, than the man who does not, but he has on the whole a better moral character, a more developed personality, and is a happier man.

Again, there is much more scope than is generally utilised in schools for the development of public spirit. Though childhood is notoriously self-centred, and junior republics and self-governing bodies of children may degenerate into tyrant-ridden crowds, most children—especially the very young unspoiled ones—have the capacity for public spirit. They are all willing to make their contribution to the public benefit on special occasions, and often ready of resource to the end. Moreover, in the right atmosphere the most unexpected children

are liable to develop an interest so intense and so broad-minded in public affairs that it may well be called public spirit.

The possibilities of the progress of human nature through the development of the inherent generosity and the co-operative instinct of childhood are, in particular, vast and almost unexplored. The co-operation which is supposed to be fostered by sport usually also begins and ends with sport. But little children, quite apart from sport, are wonderfully willing to co-operate and to help each other, often unwisely but out of sheer good will. This instinct is often choked by the prevailing spirit of competition. It is the business of the teacher, without losing the stimulus to be derived from healthy competition, and without making a fetish of co-operative methods which may mean that one able and energetic child does all the work, so to develop this childish spirit of mutual helpfulness that it shall be an abiding factor of character in great things, in the affairs of a life-work as in small private and domestic matters. He must foster the right kind of co-operative effort in large school undertakings, such as plays in which the provision of properties as well as the acting offers scope for this spirit.

Of initiative there was perhaps never more need than now in the world's affairs, but it is liable to be crushed by current methods of education. Initiative is not fostered by the still abiding repressive discipline. It is the problem of the modern teacher to reconcile the modern claim of the individual for freedom with the necessities of a reasonable discipline, which shall insist that, in the interests of that law and order which are a necessary condition of freedom, all orders of authority shall be punctiliously obeyed, and also that freedom shall be freedom to work happily, and not freedom to indulge in anti-social hooliganism. Beyond this it is not necessary or right to encourage submissiveness for its own sake. In the right atmosphere, such as we have described it, where excessive paternal organisation

is avoided, the growing ego will develop a due spirit of initiative, and one that will be less likely to act in undesirable directions. In such an atmosphere many boys who elsewhere are reckoned dull will develop the most surprising new interests and enterprise.

True teaching on the principles above set out is an art, of which the ultimate inspiration is a vision of the world of the same nature as that of the artist usually so-called, and of which the ultimate fruit is the revelation of the "mystery and the majesty" of life. The true teacher is an artist, and the artists are the truest teachers. Hence it follows that the staff of such an institution as is here described should have not only first-class academic qualifications but also something of the quality of mind which distinguishes the artist.

What is really needed is a centre for the wider international dissemination of the proper principles of education, of which the influence will also act in the direction of greater international understanding. The International Teachers' College of Columbia University, New York, is not advantageously situated for the performance of the latter function; and the Institute Jean-Jaques Rousseau of Geneva, though it is in the right place, has never, for reasons on which it is not necessary to enlarge here, commanded the international prestige which is essential for the successful fulfilment of the functions here desiderated.

In the years 1925, 1926, and 1927, I had the support of leading educationalists and public men in England and other countries for a more ambitious project, and though circumstances which had nothing to do with the essential practicability of the plan militated against the immediate fruition of the beginnings that were then made, and though international financial conditions are at present particularly unfavourable, I see no reason why the plan should not eventually be fulfilled. There is no doubt that the world has need of it.

Since it is the teachers above all who have the opportunity of influencing the

peoples of the future in favour of international understanding, what is contemplated is primarily an International Teachers' Training College at Geneva. It is obvious that such a college, where teachers in training could study, if only for short periods, the work of the League of Nations at first hand, would have a valuable formative influence. The debates of the Council in its Glass Chamber are, as is well known, public, and I have watched there Tewfik Rushdi Bey arguing with Mr. Amery about Mosul. Such experience would often beget a missionary fervour for the internationalist outlook which, though it is not the only thing needful, is nevertheless essential. But though the college would be at Geneva, because that is the most convenient meeting place of the nations, it should not be associated with the League of Nations as a political institution. It should stand for co-operation between all nations, and take students from those countries which are not members of the League as well as those which are.

What is first needed in practice, however, is a school which shall serve as demonstration school for the college, where the principles above enunciated would be carried out. And though the college should aim chiefly at influence through the training of teachers, because in general that offers the widest and surest scope, it should aim also at attracting as school pupils, some who will be destined, by virtue of their developed ability, to be leaders of men in their own countries.

The staff of both Training College and demonstration school should be as far as possible the same; and, by virtue, of the first class standing of the staff, the institution should exert influence in favour of the best principles of education and of internationalism not only among those who might go there as school pupils, teachers in training, or vacation course students, but also on the general educational system of different countries, and, ultimately, international public opinion.

Prestige is the first essential of such an institution. I saw several members

of the League of Nations Council in 1925, received from all of them sympathy, and from the definite suggestion of official support from their countries in the event of the successful launching of the scheme. The particular suggestion was that state scholarships both for school-pupils and for students in training might be made tenable at the projected "International College," if the latter could get some sort of recognition from the League Committee of Intellectual Co-operation. I was in touch with several members of this committee, and it would have been willing to pass a resolution approving the principle of the projected institution. There was a very definite prospect of official support from some countries, if the old International Labour Office building had been taken. This very suitable building, by the way, which fell vacant in 1926, had until 1919 been a School with an international clientele, and only a misunderstanding at a Geneva lawyer's office prevented its being taken for our purpose. Latin and Central European countries are more favourable to the idea of State support than Anglo-Saxon and Nordic countries. M. Mello Franco of Brazil, and M. Benes of Czecho-Slovakia, were especially sympathetic, and there was a distinct chance of help from Royalist Spain: while I

was assured by Senator De Brouckere of Belgium that the abortive effort to start an International University at Brussels would not hinder the co-operation of his country in the plan: on the other hand Dr. Nansen of Norway, country naturally more favourable to international ideals, could not hold out any prospect of official support by the making tenable of scholarships. The late Director of the Training of Teachers at Oxford was prepared to send graduates in training as teachers for a period to the institution, and tentative arrangements were made for the giving of lectures by distinguished authorities. I actually made some start with the building up of a demonstration school in Geneva. I was at one stage offered the use of the existing international School, then in its infancy, for this purpose, but was obliged to decline this as control over the demonstration school is essential to such an institution as was planned, and control was not included in the offer. The reasons why all the bright prospects here invoked did not materialise are not matters for detailed public narration: but they were by no means inevitable, and the subject, I think, is of more than antiquarian interest seeing that the plan "is not dead, but sleepeth" merely.

London

CHARLES KING

ON AMATEUR LIVING IN INDIA

[**Frank C. Bancroft, B.A.** (Princeton), **B.D.**, was travelling secretary to the American Student Christian Movement in 1927, and was ordained Deacon in the Episcopal Church in 1930. He came to India in 1931 as Fellow under the World's Student Christian Federation, and is staying on in India "which I had come to love". He writes:—"I spent two months travelling third class through South India with an American friend from the American University, Cairo. We started at Sabarmati Ashram and 'did' about 7,000 miles to Cape Comorin and back through Travancore and Hyderabad to Calcutta, all for about Rs. 270 each, all-inclusive."—Eds.]

To the casual observer, the *Gita* and modern sportsmanship might seem completely disparate activities of the human spirit. But there is a basic attitude sufficiently universal to embrace not

only these, but true science, profound art, and many other aspects of the life of man. It is the amateur spirit, and it might well be contended that the lack of such spirit in the attitude of most

Europeans to their residence in this country has had far-reaching and very detrimental effects. It is easily seen that the common idea underlying all these things is a certain foot-freeness toward life. In the same way that a sportsman is schooled to place the game above the prize, Arjuna is admonished to carry on his life according to the best available light, leaving all care about results to powers beyond his ken. Art which is purely commercial and science with gain as the fundamental end are unworthy of their names. In Ananda Coomaraswamy's book *The Dance of Siva* one finds a fascinating application of this amateur spirit to the love-life of man, under the heading "Sahaja". It would seem that the spirit of inner detachment is necessary before life at any point can seep to profound levels or soar to sublime heights.

Now there is a lamentable lack of amateur spirit in the attitude with which most Europeans regard their lives in this country. That old Satan—desire—corrodes or short-circuits most of the delicate wires over which cultural and spiritual charges might play. Most Europeans here have their eyes riveted too intently upon the goal-posts, and consequently miss the fun and enrichment of the game. They go away tired, unsated in victory or frustrated in defeat, and form opinions about the country in which they have never really lived as they rest from deck-tennis or shuffle-board. Fortunately, they exhibit a new attitude in these games—otherwise they wouldn't be able to obtain partners.

Let us leave generalities behind and glance at facts. In the main, there are four classes of foreigners here: government officials, commercial agents, missionaries, and tourists. They all have axes to grind and the axes, alas, succeed pretty well in monopolizing their attention. The officials are here to keep order so that a lucrative trade may continue; the agents to make money; the missionaries to make converts; and the tourists to feel thrills. Perhaps it

could be viewed more charitably. Let us say that the officials wish to aid in the advancement of a backward country; that the agents are interested in promoting trade in an unindustrialized land; that the missionaries strive to serve the unfortunate; and that the tourists come to understand India. Leaving aside for the time being the first set, what can be said of the technique with which the latter motives, when they exist, are pursued?

It is indeed a rare official who maintains consistent social intercourse with the people whom he has presumably come to serve. His knowledge and opinions of the real Indian people are drawn either from his predecessors and colleagues, or from an occasional talk with some wealthy and westernized Indian whose own knowledge of them is extremely limited and whose desire to serve them may be alloyed by financial considerations. His house, his club, and his hot-weather resort are studiously constructed to recreate conditions which will so far as possible encourage the delusion that he is really back in his native land. The attitudes, actions, and social technique of Indians are judged by a superficial comparison with the life he has known abroad. Those basic assumptions and age-old insights which lie behind many of them are seldom known, for the simple reason that they can be learned only by intimate common living.

Little need be said about the commercial man and the sight-seer, both of whom live far remote from Indian conditions. True, the former has his babus and mistris. But he judges them purely by their activities in a form of life which is alien to their nature, and never bothers to know them at home, when they are human. Like the official, his home is calculated to help him hide from himself the fact that he has to live in the East. If he is gifted socially he may enjoy the clubs; otherwise his leisure life is either solitary or nasty. When he returns home he lectures to various Rotary Clubs about "My Life

in India". The tourist buzzes through the country in first-class compartments, looking out the windows with the eyes of Miss Mayo; or he becomes interested in "strange customs" and makes several furtive trips to the villages in the same spirit as one might go to the Municipal Zoo.

The missionaries have one less servant than these others (especially since the depression has come to the aid of holy poverty) and occasionally have Indian friends to dinner. These latter usually fall into three categories; converts who are pretty safely de-Indianized; prospective converts who are given the opportunity of seeing what a Christian home is like; and influential non-Christian "friends" who may be induced to subsidize aspects of the work which are not too evangelical. The missionaries return these calls in the proportion of about one to ten.

But there are better missionaries, some who are even willing completely to give up the social amenities of the West and live with and like Indians (few and far between!). Even here, though, there is a predominance of that condescending attitude which says that "to help people one must be like them". A dozen blue moons go by before you hear: "To understand people one must be near to them."

It all boils down to the fact that there are so few Europeans here simply with the idea of living, that they could be counted upon one hand. Even to Indians, one has always to be explaining his reason for being here, as if residence in India were so pitiable a condition as to be made possible only by the strongest of inner drives!

Of course we must not be blamed too much for this attitude, for behind it there is a huge, almost universal and seldom-questioned assumption: that life must be primarily purposive.

It is just here that the amateur spirit makes its voice heard. Summing up the series: devotion for devotion's sake, the game for the game's sake, art for art's sake, science for truth's sake, comes *Life for Life's*

sake. The amateur spirit by no means advocates passivity and purposelessness; an amateur will run himself to death in a game, while the professional constantly calculates on his own interests. But the amateur will also constantly be refreshed by the rhythm and vitality which flow to him from the game itself, while the professional needs repeated charges of external motivation. Most people all over the world are so busy doing something that they have no time to live, never realizing that the quiet, harmonious life is the only one which can receive quickly from others and which can send out those disinterested, spontaneous sparks of real self-expression which alone can contribute anything to anyone else.

After being in one of the purposive groups for my first year in India, it has been my privilege to *live* in the country during the present one. I place a certain amount of value upon the width of travel which the cheapness of third-class tickets has permitted me to indulge in; but much more deeply I value the diversity and profundity of friendship which Indians have so generously granted me; and I am convinced that even a greater endowment would come to one who is more whole-heartedly prepared to fulfil the conditions.

To become specific, I do not refer to such things as wearing Indian clothes, eating Indian food, and living in the bazaar, all of which I have done. If one finds pleasure in these, let him do them. The conditions are much simpler. Let him live in whatever kind of house he thinks suitable, and wear whatever clothes his taste and economic ethics dictate; but let him invite Indians frequently to his home, and let him spend hours, days, and weeks in theirs. Then if he cannot become really an amateur, losing all sense of self, comrades, adversaries, and goals, in the game, at least he can give his opponents the satisfaction of knowing against whom they are playing. And he can gain respect for them in knowing them.

Calcutta

FRANK C. BANCROFT

ENDS AND SAYINGS

“—————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers.”

HUDIBRAS.

The question asked by Claire Bergson Endersby in the April 1930 issue of *THE ARYAN PATH*: “Is Sorcery employed in Modern Shops?”—would seem to be answered very definitely in the affirmative by the data published by the New York “Consumers’ Research” in its Bulletin. This organisation would probably object to the word sorcery, but that is a matter of little moment; what interests us is that the methods by which high pressure advertising and salesmanship are “psychologising” the public for profit are being brought to the attention of the consumer, and that an organised attempt is being made to supply the layman with impartial information regarding the various commodities on the market and to warn him against the many tricks by which skilful misrepresentation, flattery, sex-appeal and exaggeration are made use of to induce him to buy, almost against his will and certainly often against his original intention.

Consumers’ Research is very young as yet, but it already counts many thousand members. It has published a series of handbooks, listing specific commodities under their brand names and grouping them as recommended

or not recommended on the basis of particulars regarding price, materials used, and so forth. It also publishes a General Bulletin in which economic topics are discussed from the consumers’ point of view. It is here, more especially, that the battle is waged against the various forms of “sorcery” employed by advertisement writers and salesmen.

If Consumers’ Research has already many friends, it has also many enemies. Unnecessary to explain why. On the other hand it is encouraging to read that there are notable exceptions—very few, it must be admitted, but all the more notable on that account—cases of manufacturers who have themselves coolly and impartially considered the criticism offered by Consumers’ Research, and have taken steps to improve matters at their own end.

It will be well if Consumers’ Research will turn their attention to the question of advertisements. Advertising, we are told by a writer in *The Spectator* (April, 21st.) is both a science and an art—a science because it seeks “to discover by experiment and observation the tastes, actual and potential, of different elements of the population; an art because it depends on an appeal to the

imagination through ear and eye, by means of alluring words and pictures”.

The writer is not blind to the fact of dishonest advertisements, but says that “responsible journals endeavour to exclude them, and the wiser traders who rely on the quality of the goods they sell discover that honesty is the best policy”. Even a casual glance at the newspapers produces not this impression. Also, “to arouse the sense of want among potential customers” and to quicken their imagination by “alluring words and pictures” is sailing perilously near the wind. Advertisement within limits is necessary. If you have an article to sell, you must take means to let people know that you have such an article; but to create new desires in people (who are already overburdened with desires), to whet new appetites—surely this is undesirable from any moral point of view.

The Consumers’ Research is obviously a defence alliance against being “done” by manufacturers. It seems already to have had the effect of making some of them “wiser,” and brought them to acknowledge, intellectually and practically, that honesty is the best policy. This is a step in the right direction; but a further step—a very long step—has still to be taken, namely, to elevate the moral status of the merchant, the trader, the shopkeeper. The old Hindu ideal

of Vaishya Dharma, suitably restored, would contribute substantially towards building a cleaner and more prosperous world, for in such a world commerce would not mean competition but a proper distribution of the gifts of nature and of man for all, and then, verily, advertising will not be boosting but education.

The Search for April is a special double number (a very attractive one) commemorating the nineteenth centenary of Jesus Christ. It contains an interesting article by J. O. Mackenzie, which deals with the subject of the Cosmic Christ from the Theosophical standpoint. The writer frankly makes H. P. Blavatsky’s books the groundwork of his article. After pointing out that “Christ, the true esoteric saviour—is *no man*, but the DIVINE PRINCIPLE in every human being,” he says:—

But what a difference there is between the conceptions of the Christians of the first few centuries and the conceptions which priestcraft have presented to the multitude in the name of their Lord. Are not the words which the Gospels make Jesus say, “Ye have taken away the key of knowledge; ye entered not in yourselves and them that were entering in ye hindered,” equally applicable to those who have monopolized the grand idea of the Christ, the Universal Spirit of Wisdom, and the Higher Self of every human being? Under the pretence of giving people a saviour, there has been shut out from their minds the one vital truth that the true Christ lived and dwelt in their own hearts.

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